

BELL'S EDITION.
 THE POETS OF GREAT BRITAIN
 COMPLETE FROM
 CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.



P E N T O N .

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THE *Gal 11 Da*
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ELIJAH FENTON.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Strong were thy thoughts, yet reason bore the sway;
Humble yet learn'd; tho' innocent yet gay:
So pure of heart, that thou might'st safely show
Thy inmost bosom to thy basest foe;
Careless of wealth, thy bliss a calm retreat,
Far from the insults of the scornful great---
O Woods! O Wilds! O every bow'ry Shade!
So often vocal by his music made,
Now other sounds---~~for other sounds~~, return,
And o'er his hearse with all your echoes mourn---
Where were ye, Muses! by what fountain side,
What river, sporting when your fav'rite dy'd?
He knew by verse to chain the headlong floods,
Silence loud winds, or charm attentive woods.

BROOME.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1779.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

WILLIAM LINTON

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.



EDINBURGH

AT THE SPECIAL PRESS OF THE NATIONAL

PRINTING OFFICE

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ELIJAH FENTON.

CONTAINING HIS

MISCELLANIES,

EPISTLES,

ODES,

TALES,

TRANSLATIONS,

IMITATIONS,

W. G. & C.

A poet blest'd beyond the poets' fate,
Whom Heav'n kept sacred from the proud and great:
Foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,
Content with science in the vale of peace:
Calmly he look'd on either life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
From Nature's temp'rate feast rose satisfy'd,
Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he dy'd.

POPE.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1779.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ELIJAH FENTON

CONTAINING HIS
MISCELLANIES, EPIGRAMS,
TRANSLATIONS, IMITATIONS,



A new edition of the Poetical Works of Elijah Fenton, Esq. in two volumes, bound in half leather, with the title in gold. The first volume contains his Miscellanies, Epigrams, and Translations; the second volume contains his Imitations, and a few other pieces. The whole is printed in a new and elegant type, and is bound in a handsome manner. Price 10s. 6d. per volume.

EDINBURGH:
AT THE Apollo Press, OF THE MARRIAGE.

ELIJAH FENTON.

THIS worthy gentleman was born at Shelton, near Newcastle-under-Line, in Staffordshire. In this county though there are several families of the name of Fenton, yet they are all branches from one stock, which is a very ancient and opulent family, our Author's mother being immediately descended from one Mare, an officer in William the Conqueror's army.

Our Poet was the youngest of twelve children, and was intended by his parents for the ministry: he was sent to the university of Cambridge, where he embraced principles very opposite to government, by which he became disqualified for entering into holy orders. We find him soon after his quitting the university Secretary to the Earl of Orrery; but how long he remained in that station we cannot ascertain. After he quitted the service of this noble peer it was his custom to perform a visit annually to his eldest brother's house in the country, who possessed an estate of 1000*l. per annum*. He was caressed in the country by all his relations, to whom he endeared himself by his affable and genteel behaviour. Mr. Fenton was a man of the most tender humanity, and discovered it upon every proper occasion. A gentleman resident in that county, who has transmitted to us some account of Mr. Fenton, has given us the following instance of his humane disposition.

He had a great number of sisters, some of whom were less happy in their marriages than others; one in particular was exposed to many misfortunes by the indiscretion and extravagance of her husband. It is the custom of some people to make very great distinctions between their rich and poor relations: Mr. Fenton's brother was of this stamp, and it seem'd treat'd his unfortunate sister with less ceremony than the rest. One day, while Mr. Fenton was at his brother's house, he observed the family going to dinner without this sister, who was in town, and had as good a right to an invitation as any of the rest, who dined there as a compliment to him. He could not help discovering his displeasure at so unnatural a distinction, and would not sit down to table till she was sent for; and, in consequence of this slight shewn her by the rest of the family, Mr. Fenton treated her with more tenderness and complaisance than any of his sisters.

Our Author carried through life a very fair reputation; he was beloved and esteemed by Mr. Pope, who honoured him with a beautiful epitaph. Mr. Fenton, after a life of ease and tranquillity, died at East-Hampstead Park, near Oakingham, the 13th of July 1730, much regreted by all men of taste, not being obnoxious to the resentment even of his brother writers.

In the year 1723 Mr. Fenton introduced upon the stage his tragedy of *Mariamne*, built upon the story related of her in the third volume of the *Spectator*,

N^o. 171, which the ingenious Author collected out of Josephus. As this story so fully displays the nature of the passion of jealousy, and discovers so extraordinary a character as that of Herod, we shall here insert it, after which we shall consider with what success Mr. Fenton has managed the plot.

In a former paper the author having treated the passion of jealousy in various lights, and marked its progress through the human mind, concludes his animadversions with this story, which, he says, may serve as an example to whatever can be said on that subject.

“ Mariamne had all the charms that beauty, birth, wit, and youth, could give a woman, and Herod all the love that such charms are able to raise in a warm and amorous disposition. In the midst of his fondness for Mariamne he put her brother to death, as he did her father not many years after. The barbarity of the action was represented to Mark Anthony, who immediately summoned Herod into Egypt, to answer for the crime that was laid to his charge. Herod attributed the summons to Anthony’s desire of Mariamne, whom therefore, before his departure, he gave into the custody of his uncle Joseph, with private orders to put her to death if any such violence was offered to himself. This Joseph was much delighted with Mariamne’s conversation, and endeavoured, with all his art and rhetoric, to set out the excess of Herod’s passion for her; but when he still found her cold and incredulous,

“lous, he inconsiderately told her, as a certain in-
“stance of her lord’s affection, the private orders he
“had left behind him, which plainly shewed, accord-
“ing to Joseph’s interpretation, that he could nei-
“ther live nor die without her. This barbarous in-
“stance of a wild unreasonable passion quite put out,
“for a time, those little remains of affection she still
“had for her lord: her thoughts were so wholly ta-
“ken up with the cruelty of his orders, that she could
“not consider the kindness which produced them,
“and therefore represented him, in her imagination,
“rather under the frightful idea of a murderer than
“a lover.

“Herod was at length acquitted, and dismissed by
“Mark Anthony, when his soul was all in flames for
“his Mariamne; but before their meeting he was not
“a little alarmed at the report he had heard of his
“uncle’s conversation and familiarity with her in his
“absence: this, therefore, was the first discourse he
“entertained her with, in which she found it no easy
“matter to quiet his suspicions. But at last he ap-
“peared so well satisfied of her innocence, that from
“reproaches and wranglings he fell to tears and em-
“braces. Both of them wept very tenderly at their
“reconciliation, and Herod poured out his whole soul
“to her in the warmest protestations of love and con-
“fancy; when, amidst all his sighs and languishings,
“she asked him whether the private orders he left
“with his uncle Joseph were an instance of such an

“enflamed affection? The jealous king was immediately roused at so unexpected a question, and concluded his uncle must have been too familiar with her before he would have discovered such a secret. In short he put his uncle to death, and very difficultly prevailed on himself to spare Mariamne.”

“After this he was forced on a second journey into Egypt, when he committed his lady to the care of Sohemus, with the same private orders he had before given his uncle, if any mischief befell himself. In the mean-time Mariamne had so won upon Sohemus, by her presents and obliging behaviour, that she drew all the secret from him with which Herod had intrusted him; so that after his return, when he flew to her with all the transports of joy and love, she received him coldly with sighs and tears, and all the marks of indifference and aversion. This reception so stirred up his indignation, that he had certainly slain her with his own hands, had not he feared he himself should become the greater sufferer by it. It was not long after this when he had another violent return of love upon him; Mariamne was therefore sent for to him, whom he endeavoured to soften and reconcile with all possible conjugal caresses and endearments; but she declined his embraces, and answered all his fondness with bitter invectives for the death of her father and her brother. *Quid non daretur pro rege?*”

“This behaviour so incensed Herod, that he very

"hardly refrained from striking her; when in the
 "heat of their quarrel there came in a witness, sub-
 "orned by some of Mariamne's enemies, who ac-
 "cused her to the King of a design to poison him.
 "Herod was now prepared to hear any thing in her
 "prejudice, and immediately ordered her servant to
 "be stretched upon the rack, who in the extremity
 "of his tortures confessed that his mistress's aversion
 "to the King arose from something Sohemus had
 "told her; but as for any design of poisoning, he ut-
 "terly disowned the least knowledge of it. This con-
 "fession quickly proved fatal to Sohemus, who now
 "lay under the same suspicions and sentence that Jo-
 "seph had before him on the like occasion: nor would
 "Herod rest here, but accused her, with great wehe-
 "mence, of a design upon his life, and, by his autho-
 "rity with the judges, had her publicly condemned
 "and executed.
 "Herod, soon after her decease, grew melancholy
 "and dejected, retiring from the public administra-
 "tion of affairs into a solitary forest, and there aban-
 "doned himself to all the black considerations which
 "naturally arise from a passion made up of love, re-
 "morse, pity, and despair. He used to rave for his
 "Mariamne, and to call upon her in his distracted
 "fits; and in all probability would have soon follow-
 "ed her, had not his thoughts been seasonably called
 "off from so sad an object by public storms, which at
 "that time very nearly threatened him."

Mr. Fenton, in the conduct of this design, has shewn himself a very great master of stage propriety; he has softened the character of Herod, well knowing that so cruel a tyrant as the story makes him could not be borne upon the English stage: he has altered the character of Sohemus from an honest confident to a crafty enterprising statesman, who, to raise his master to the throne of Judea, murdered the natural heir: he has introduced in his drama a character under the name of Salome, the King's sister, who bore an implacable hatred to Mariamne, and who, in league with Sohemus, pursues her revenge at no less a price than that of her brother's and the Queen's life.

After the wars which had subsisted between Cæsar and Anthony had subsided, and the world fell to the share of the former, Herod is represented as having just returned from Rome, where, as an hostage to the Emperor, he has stipulated to send his younger son there, and Flaminius, a noble Roman, accompanies him into Jewry, to carry off the young prince. The day in which this dramatic action begins is upon a grand festival, appointed in honour of Herod's safe return from Rome, and being still permitted to enjoy his kingdom. The hard condition of sending the prince to Rome greatly affects the heart of the Queen, whom the poet has drawn a most tender mother. This throws a cloud over the ceremony, and furnishes an opportunity for Sohemus and Salome to set their infernal engines at work; who, in conjunction with

Sameas, the King's cup-bearer, contrive to poison the King and Queen at the feast: but the poisoned cup is first tasted by Hazeroth, a young lord related to the Queen, and the sudden effect which it has upon him discovers the villany.

The Queen's absence from the feast proves a fatal circumstance, and, as managed by Sohemus, fixes the appearance of guilt upon her. While Herod was absent at Rome Sohemus made addresses to Arsinoe, a Roman lady, confidante to Mariamne, to whom, in the ardour of his passion, he revealed the secret intrusted to him by Herod, of putting Mariamne to death, in case he, by any calamitous accident, should lose his life. Arsinoe, from a motive of affection, communicated this to Mariamne, as an instance of the violent passion which Herod had for her. This she did immediately before her departure for Rome with Flaminius the Roman envoy, who proved to be the lord of her wishes, whom she imagined to have been killed in fighting against Mark Anthony. Mariamne, thrown into this imminent danger, orders Arsinoe to be intercepted, whose return clears up her innocence, as she declares that no correspondence had ever been carried on between the Queen and Sohemus, of whom he was now jealous, as Mariamne had upbraided him with his cruel resolutions of putting her to death, intrusted to that minister. Herod is satisfied of her innocence by the evidence of Arsinoe; but as he had

before given the cruel orders for putting the Queen to death, she, to prevent the execution of such barbarity, drank poison. The Queen is conducted in by the high-priest in the agonies of death, which gives such a shock to Herod, that, not able to survive her, he dies in the sight of the audience.

Sohemus, who knew what tortures would be reserved for him, kills himself, after having sacrificed Sameas, by whose treachery the plot was discovered, and who, in his falling, stabs Salome to the heart, as the last effort of his revenge.

As the plan of this play is regular, simple, and interesting, so are the sentiments no less masterly, and the characters graphically distinguished. It contains likewise many beautiful strokes of poetry.

When Narbal, a lord of the Queen's party, gives an account to Flaminius, the Roman general, of the Queen's parting with her son, he says,

-----A while the flood,
Transform'd by grief to marble, and appear'd
Her own pale monument.

Flaminius, consistent with his character as a soldier, answers,

Give me, ye Gods ! the harmony of war,
The trumpet's clangor, and the clash of arms.
That concert animates the glowing breast
To rush on death ; but when our ear is pierc'd
With the sad notes which mournful Beauty yields,
Our manhood melts in sympathizing tears.

The character of Sameas, the King's cup-bearer, is one of the most villanous ever shewn upon a stage ; and the poet makes Sohemus, in order to give the audience a true idea of him, and to prepare them for those barbarities he is to execute, relate the following instance of his cruelty.

-----Along the shore

He walk'd one evening, when the clam'rous rage
Of tempests wreck'd a ship : the crew were sunk ;
The master only reach'd the neighb'ring strand,
Borne by a floating fragment ; but so weak
With combating the storm, his tongue had lost
The faculty of speech ; and yet for aid
He faintly wav'd his hand, on which he wore
A fatal jewel. Sameas, quickly charm'd
Both by its size and lustre, with a look
Of pity stoop'd to take him by the hand ;
Then cut the finger off to gain the ring,
And plung'd him back to perish in the waves,
Crying, Go dive for more.---I've heard him boast
Of this adventure.

In the 5th act, when Herod is agitated with the rage
of jealousy, his brother Pheroras thus addresses him :

Sir, let her crime
Erase the faithful characters which Love
Imprinted on your heart.

Herod. Alas ! the pain
We feel, whene'er we dispossess the soul
Of that tormenting tyrant, far exceeds
The rigour of his rule.

Pheroras. With reason quell
That haughty passion ; treat it as your slave :
Resume the monarch.

The observation which Herod makes upon this is very affecting. The poet has drawn him so tortured with his passion, that he seems almost sufficiently punished for the barbarity of cutting off the father and brother of Mariamne.

Herod. Where 's the monarch now?

The vulgar call us gods, and fondly think

That kings are cast in more than mortal moulds.

Alas! they little know that when the mind

Is cloy'd with pomp, our taste is pall'd to joy,

But grows more sensible of grief or pain.

The stupid peasant with as quick a sense

Enjoys the fragrance of a rose as I;

And his rough hand is proof against the thorn,

Which rankling in my tender skin would seem

A viper's tooth. Oh, blissful poverty!

Nature, too partial, to thy lot assigns

Health, freedom, innocence, and downy peace,

Her real goods; and only mocks the great

With empty pageantries. Had I been born

A cottager, my homely bowl had flow'd

Secure from pois'nous drugs; but not my wife!

Let me, good Heav'n! forget that guilty name,

Or madness will ensue.

Some critics have blamed Mariamne for yielding her affections to Herod, who had embrued his hands in her father and brother's blood: in this, perhaps, she cannot be easily defended; but the poet had a right to represent this as he literally found it in history, and being the circumstance upon which all the others depended. Though this play is one of the most beautiful in our language, yet it is in many places expos'd

to just criticism; but as it has more beauties than faults, it would be a kind of violence to candour to shew the blemishes.

The life of Mr. Fenton, like other poets who have been but little engaged in public business, being barren of incidents, we have dwelt the longer on this part of his Works, a tribute which his genius naturally demanded. As to the other poems of this amiable man, they will be found faithfully collected in the following pages.

Mr. Pope, as has been observed, wrote an epitaph upon Mr. Fenton, with which we shall close this life.

This modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly say, Here lies an honest man:
A poet blest'd beyond the poets' fate,
Whom Heav'n kept sacred from the proud and great:
Foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,
Content with science in the vale of peace:
Calmly he look'd on either life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
From Nature's temp'rate feast rose satisfy'd,
Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he dy'd.

MISCELLANIES.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

CHARLES EARL OF ORRERY.

THESE POEMS

Are most humbly dedicated,

By his LORDSHIP'S

Most obliged and most obedient servant,

E. Fenton.

FLORELIO. A PASTORAL.

LAMENTING THE DEATH OF THE LATE

MARQUIS OF BLANDFORD.

Ask not the cause why all the tuneful swains,
Who us'd to fill the vales with tender strains,
In deep despair neglect the warbling reed,
And all their bleating flocks refuse to feed:
Ask not why greens and flow'rs so late appear
To clothe the glebe, and deck the springing year;
Why sounds the lawn with loud laments and cries,
And swoln with tears to floods the riv'lets rise:
The fair Florelia now has left the plain, [swains
And is the grief, who was the grace, of ev'ry Britisha

B iiij

For thee, lov'd Youth! on ev'ry vale and lawn 11
 The nymphs and all thy fellow-shepherds moan:
 The little birds now cease to sing and love,
 Silent they sit and droop on ev'ry grove:
 No mounting lark now warbles on the wing, 15
 Nor linnets chirp to cheer the sullen spring:
 Only the melancholy turtles coo,
 And Philomel by night repeats her woe.
 O, charmer of the shades! the tale prolong,
 Nor let the morning interrupt thy song; 20
 Or softly tune thy tender notes to mine;
 Forgetting Tereus, make my sorrows thine.
 Now the dear youth has left the lonely plain, [swain.
 And is the grief, who was the grace, of ev'ry British
 Say, all ye Shades! where late he us'd to rest, 25
 If e'er your beds with lovelier swain were prest?
 Say, all ye silver Streams! if e'er ye bore
 'The image of so fair a face before?
 But now, ye Streams! assist me whilst I mourn, 30
 For never must the lovely swain return;
 And as these flowing tears increase your tide,
 O, murmur for the shepherd as ye glide!
 Be sure, ye Rocks! while I my grief disclose,
 Let your sad echoes lengthen out my woes:
 Ye Breezes! bear the plaintive accents on, 35
 And, whisp'ring, tell the woods Florelia's gone,
 For ever gone, and left the lonely plain, [swain.
 And is the grief, who was the grace, of ev'ry British

Ripe strawberries for thee, and peaches, grew,
 Sweet to the taste, and tempting red to view : 40
 For thee the rose put sweeter purple on,
 Preventing, by her haste, the summer sun :
 But now the flow'rs all pale and blighted lie,
 And in cold sweats of sickly mildew die ;
 Nor can the bees suck from the shrivell'd blooms 45
 Ethereal sweets, to store their golden combs.
 Oft' on thy lips they would their labours leave,
 And sweeter odours from thy mouth receive ;
 Sweet as the breath of Flora when she lies
 In jasmine shades, and for young Zephyr sighs : 50
 But now those lips are cold ; relentless Death [breath.
 Hath chill'd their charms, and stopp'd thy balmy
 Those eyes, where Cupid tipp'd his darts with fire,
 And kindled in the coldest nymphs desire,
 Robb'd of their beams, in everlasting night 55
 Are clos'd, and give us woe as once delight ;
 And thou, dear Youth ! hast left the lonely plain,
 And art the grief, who wert the grace, of ev'ry British
 As in his bow'r the dying shepherd lay, [swain.
 The shepherd yet so young, and once so gay ! 60
 The nymphs that swim the stream, and range the wood,
 And haunt the flow'ry meads, around him stood ;
 Their tears down each fair cheek unbounded fell,
 And as he gasp'd they gave a sad farewell.
 " Softly," they cry'd, " as sleeping flow'rs are clos'd
 " By night, be thy dear eyes by death compos'd : 66

" A gentle fall may thy young beauties have;
 " And golden slumbers wait thee in the grave:
 " Yearly thy hearse with garlands we'll adorn,
 " And teach young nightingales for thee to mourn: 76
 " Bees love the blooms, the flocks the bladed grain,
 " Nor less wert thou belov'd by ev'ry swain.
 " Come, Shepherds! come, perform the fun'ral due,
 " For he was ever good and kind to you:
 " On ev'ry smoothest beech, in ev'ry grove; 77
 " In weeping characters record your love:
 " And as in mem'ry of Adonis slain,
 " When for the youth the Syrian maids complain,
 " His river, to record the guilty day,
 " With freshly bleeding purple stains the sea; 80
 " So thou, dear Cam! contribute to our woe,
 " And bid thy stream in plaintive murmurs flow;
 " Thy head with thy own willow boughs adorn,
 " And with thy tears supply the frugal urn. [lawn;
 " The swains their sheep, the nymphs shall leave the
 " And yearly on their banks renew their moan: 86
 " His mother, while they there lament, shall be
 " The queen of Love, the lov'd Adonis he:
 " On her, like Venus, all the Graces wait,
 " And he too like Adonis in his fate! 90
 " For fresh in fragrant youth he left the plain, [swain.
 " And is the grief, who was the grace, of ev'ry British
 " No more the nymphs, that o'er the brooks preside,
 " Dress their gay beauties by the crystal tide,

" Nor fly the wintry winds nor scorching sun, 95

" Now he, for whom they strove to charm, is gone.

" Oft' they beneath their reedy coverts sigh'd,

" And look'd, and long'd, and for Florelio dy'd: 100

" Of him they sang, and with soft ditties strove

" To sooth the pleasing agonies of love; 105

" But now they roam, distracted with despair,

" And cypress, twin'd with mournful willows, wear."

Thus hand in hand around his grave they go,

And saffron buds and fading lilies strow,

With sprigs of myrtle mix'd, and scatt'ring cry, 110

" So sweet and soft the shepherd was! so soon decreed

to die!"

There fresh, in dear remembrance of their woes,

His name the young anemonies disclose;

Nor strange they should a double grief avow,

Then Venus wept, and Pastorella now, 115

Breathe soft, ye Winds! long let them paint the plain

Unhurt, untouch'd by ev'ry passing swain.

And when, ye Nymphs! to make the garlands gay,

With which ye crown'd the Mistress of the May,

Ye shall these flow'rs to bind her temples take, 120

O pluck them gently for Florelio's sake!

And when thro' Woodstock's green retreats ye stray,

Or Althorp's flow'ry vales invite to play,

O'er which young Pastorella's beauties bring

Elysium early, and improve the spring; 125

Ye shall the young

When ev'ning gales attentive silence keep,
 And heav'n its balmy dew begins to weep,
 By the soft fall of ev'ry warbling stream
 Sigh your sad airs, and bless the shepherd's name:
 There to the tender lute attune your woe; 125
 While hyacinths and myrtles round ye grow:
 So may Sylvanus ever 'tend your bow'rs,
 And Zephyr brush the mildew from the flow'rs!
 Bid all the swans from Cam and Isis haste,
 In the melodious choir to breathe their last. 130
 O Colin, Colin! could I there complain
 Like thee, when young Philifides was slain!
 Thou sweet frequenter of the Muses' stream!
 Why have I not thy voice or thou my theme?
 Tho' weak my voice, tho' lowly be my lays, 135
 They shall be sacred to the shepherd's praise:
 To him my voice, to him my lays, belong,
 And bright Myrtilla now must live unsung:
 Ev'n she, whose artless beauty bless'd me more
 Than ever swain was bless'd by nymph before; 140
 While ev'ry tender sigh, to seal our bliss,
 Brought a kind vow, and ev'ry vow a kiss:
 Fair, chaste, and kind, yet now no more can move,
 So much my grief is stronger than my love:
 Now the dear youth has left the lonely plain, 145
 And is the grief, who was the grace, of ev'ry British
 As when some cruel hind has borne away [swain.
 The turtle's nest, and made the young his prey,

Sad in her native grove she sits alone,
 There hangs her wings; and murmurs out her moan;
 So the bright shepherdes, who bore the boy,
 Beneath a baleful yew does weeping lie;
 Nor can the fair the weighty woe sustain,
 But bends, like roses crush'd with falling rain;
 Nor from the silent earth her eyes removes,
 That, weeping, languish like a dying dove's.
 Not such her look (severe reverse of fate!)
 When little Loves in ev'ry dimple sat;
 And all the Smiles delighted to resort
 On the calm heav'n of her soft cheeks to sport;
 Soft as the clouds mild April ev'nings wear,
 Which drop fresh flow'rets on the youthful year.
 The fountain's fall can't lull her wakeful woes,
 Nor poppy-garlands give the nymph repose:
 Th'ro' prickly brakes and unfrequented groves,
 O'er hills and dales, and craggy cliffs, she roves;
 And when she spies, beneath some silent shade,
 The daisies press'd where late his limbs were laid,
 To the cold print there close she joins her face,
 And all with gushing tears bedews the grass:
 There with loud plaints she wounds the pitying skies,
 "And, oh! return, my lovely Youth!" she cries;
 "Return, Florelia! with thy wonted charms
 "Fill the soft circle of my longing arms."—
 Cease, fair Affliction! cease; the lovely boy
 In Death's cold arms must pale and breathless lie;

The Fates can never change their first decree,
 Or sure they would have chang'd this one for thee.
 Pan for his Syrinx makes eternal moan,
 Ceres her daughter lost, and thou thy son : 180
 Thy son for ever now has left the plain,
 And is the grief, who was the grace, of ev'ry British
 Adieu, ye mossy Caves and shady Groves! [swain.
 Once happy scenes of our successful loves :
 Ye hungry Herds and bleating Flocks! adieu; 185
 Flints be your beds, and browse the bitter yew.
 Two lambs alone shall be my charge to feed,
 For yearly on his grave two lambs shall bleed.
 This pledge of lasting love, dear Shade! receive;
 'Tis all, alas! a shepherd's love can give; 190
 But grief from its own pow'r will set me free,
 Will send me soon a willing ghost to thee :
 Cropp'd in the flow'ry spring of youth, I'll go,
 With hasty joy, to wait thy shade below :
 In ever-fragrant meads and jasmine bow'rs 195
 We'll dwell, and all Elysium shall be ours;
 Where citron groves ethereal odours breathe,
 And streams of flowing crystal purl beneath;
 Where all are ever young and heav'nly fair,
 As here above thy sister Graces are. 200

PART OF THE
FOURTEENTH CHAP. OF ISAIAH

PARAPHRASED.

Now has th' Almighty Father, seated high
In ambient glories, from th' eternal throne
Vouchsaf'd compassion, and th' afflictive power
Has broke whose iron sceptre long had bruise'd
The groaning nations. Now returning Peace,
Dove-ey'd, and rob'd in white, the blissful land
Deigns to re-visit; whilst beneath her steps
The soil, with civil slaughter oft' manur'd,
Pours forth abundant olives. Their high tops
The cedars wave, exulting o'er thy fall,
Whose steel from the tall monarch of the grove
Sever'd the regal honours, and up tore
The scions blooming in the parent shade.

When vehicled in flame thou slow didst pass
Prone thro' the gates of Night, the dreary realms
With loud acclaim receiv'd thee. Tyrants old
(Gigantic forms, with human blood besmear'd)
Rose from their thrones; for thrones they still possess,
Their penance and their guilt. "Art thou, they cry,"
"O emulous of our crimes! here doom'd to reign
"Associate of our woe? nor com'st thou girt
"With livery'd slaves or bands of warrior-knights,
"Which erst before thee stood, a flattering crowd,

" Observant of thy brow ; nor hireling quires,
 " Attemp'ring to the harp their warbled airs, 25
 " Thy panegyric chant : but, hush'd in death,
 " Like us thou ly'st unwept ; a corse obscene
 " With dust, and preying worms, bare and despoil'd
 " Of ill-got pomp. We hail thee our compeer ! "

How art thou with diminish'd glory fall'n 30
 From thy proud zenith, swift as meteors glide
 Aslope a summer-eye ! of all the stars
 'Titled the first and fairest, thou didst hope
 To share divinity, or haply more,
 Elated as supreme, when o'er the North 35
 Thy bloody banners stream'd, to rightful kings
 Portending ruinous downfal : wondrous low,
 Opprobrious and detested art thou thrown,
 Disrob'd of all thy splendours : round thee stand
 The swarming populace, and with fix'd regard 40
 Eyeing thee pale and breathless, spend their rage
 In taunting speech, and jovial ask their friends,
 " Is this The Mighty, whose imperious yoke
 " We bore reluctant, who to desert wilds
 " And haunts of savages transform'd the marts, 45
 " And capital cities raz'd, pronouncing thrall
 " Or exile on the peerage ? how becalm'd
 " The tyrant lies, whose nostrils us'd to breathe
 " Tempests of wrath, and shook establish'd thrones ! "

In solemn state the bones of pious kings, 50
 Gather'd to their great fires, are safe repos'd

Beneath the weeping vault ; but thou, a branch
 Blasted and curs'd by Heav'n, to dogs and fowls
 Art doom'd a banquet, mingling some remains
 With criminals unabsolv'd, on all thy race
 Transmitting guilt and vengeance. From thy domes
 Thy children skulk erroneous and forlorn,
 Fearing perdition, and for mercy sue
 With eyes uplift, and tearful. From thy seed
 The sceptre Heav'n resumes, by thee usurp'd
 By guile and force, and sway'd with lawless rage.

VERSES ON THE UNION.

THE Gaul, intent on universal sway,
 Sees his own subjects with constraint obey,
 And they who most his rising beams ador'd,
 Weep in their chains, and wish another lord :
 But, if the Muse not uninspir'd preface,
 Justice shall triumph o'er oppressive rage ;
 His pow'r shall be reclaim'd to rightful laws,
 And all, like Savoy, shall desert his cause :
 So when to distant vales an eagle steers,
 His fierceness not disarm'd by length of years,
 From his stretch'd wing he sees the feathers fly
 Which bore him to his empire of the sky :
 Unlike, great Queen ! thy steps to deathless fame ;
 O best, O greatest, of thy royal name

Thy Britons, fam'd for arts, in battle brave, 13
 Have nothing now to censure or to crave;
 Ev'n Vice and factious Zeal are held in awe,
 Thy court a temple, and thy life a law.

When, edg'd with terrors, by thy vengeful hand
 The sword is drawn to gore a guilty land, 20
 Thy mercy cures the wound thy justice gave,
 For 't is thy lov'd prerogative to save;
 And Victory, to grace thy triumph, brings
 Palms in her hand, with healing in her wings.

But as mild heav'n on Eden's op'ning gems 25
 Bestow'd the balmiest dews and brightest beams;
 So, whilst remotest climes thy influence share,
 Britain's the darling object of thy care:
 By thy wise councils and resistless might
 Abroad we conquer, and at home unite.
 Before thou bidd'st the distant battles cease,
 Thy piety cements domestic peace;
 Impatient of delay to fix the state,
 Thy dove brings olive ere the waves abate.

Hail, happy Sister-lands! for ever prove 35
 Rivals alone in loyalty and love;
 Kindled from heav'n, be your auspicious flame
 As lasting and as bright as Anna's fame
 And thou, fair northern Nymphs! partake our toil;
 With us divide the danger and the spoil: 40
 When thy brave sons, the friends of Mars, avow'd,
 In steel around our Albion standards crowd,

What wonders in the war shall now be shown
By her, who single shook the Gallic throne!

The day draws nigh in which the warrior-queen
Shall wave her Union-crosses o'er the Seine: 46
Rouz'd with heroic warmth unfelt before;
Her Lions with redoubled fury roar;
And urging on to fame, with joy behold
The woody walks in which they rang'd of old. 50

O Louis! long the terror of thy arms
Has aw'd the Continent with dire alarms,
Exulting in thy pride, with hope to see
Empires and states derive their pow'r from thee;
From Britain's equal hand the scale to wrest, 55
And reign without a rival o'er the West:

But now the laurels, by thy rapine torn
From Belgian groves, in early triumphs borne,
Wither'd and leafless in thy winter stand,
Expos'd a prey to ev'ry hostile hand, 60

By strange extremes of destiny decreed
To flourish and to fall with equal speed.

So the young gourd around the prophet's head
With swift increase her fragrant honours spread;
Beneath the growing shade secure he fate, 65

To see the tow'rs of Ninus bow to Fate;
But, curs'd by Heav'n, the greens began to fade;
And, sickening, sudden as they rose decay'd. 68

CUPID AND HYMEN.

CUPID resign'd to Sylvia's care
His bow, and quiver stor'd with darts,
Commissioning the matchless fair
To fill his shrine with bleeding hearts.

His empire thus secur'd, he flies
To sport amid th' Idalian grove,
Whose feather'd quires proclaim'd the joys,
And bless'd the pleasing pow'r of Love.

The god their grateful songs engage
To spread his nets which Venus wrought,
Whilst Hymen held the golden cage,
To keep secure the game they caught.

The warblers, brisk with genial flame,
Swift from the myrtle shades repair;
A willing captive each became,
And sweetlier caroll'd in the snare.

When Hymen had receiv'd the prey,
To Cytherea's fane they flew,
Regardless, while they wing'd their way,
How sullen all the songsters grew.

Alas! no sprightly note is heard,
 But each with silent grief consumes;
 Tho' to celestial food preferr'd,
 They, pining, drop their painted plumes.

Cupid, afflicted at the change,
 To beg her aid to Venus run;
 She heard the tale, nor thought it strange,
 But, smiling, thus advis'd her son:

“Pleasure grows languid with restraint;
 “’Tis Nature’s privilege to roam: 30
 “If you’d not have your linnets faint,
 “Leave Hymen with his cage at home.” 32

OLIVIA.

I.
 OLIVIA’s lewd, but looks devout,
 And Scripture-proofs she throws about,
 When first you try to win her:
 But pull your fob of guineas out;
 Fee Jenny first, and never doubt 3
 To find the faint a sinner.

II.

Baxter by day is her delight:
 No chocolate must come in sight
 Before two morning chapters:

But, lest the spleen should spoil her quite,
 She takes a civil friend at night
 To raise her holy raptures.

Thus oft' we see a glow-worm gay
 At large her fiery tail display,
 Encourag'd by the dark;
 And yet the fullen thing all day
 Snug in the lonely thicket lay,
 And hid the native spark.

A-LA-MODE.

My better self, my heav'n, my joy!
 While thus imparadis'd I lie,
 Transported in thy circling arms
 With fresh variety of charms,
 From Fate I scarce can think to crave
 A bliss but what in thee I have.
 Twelve months, my Dear! have past, since thou
 Didst plight to me thy virgin vow;
 Twelve months in rapture spent! for they
 Seem shorter than St. Lucy's day:
 A bright example we shall prove
 Of lasting matrimonial love.

Mean-while I beg the gods to grant
 (The only favour that I want)
 That I may not survive, to see
 My happiness expire with thee.

O! should I lose my dearest dear,
 By thee, and all that's good, I swear,
 I'd give myself the fatal blow,
 And wait thee to the world below. 20

When Wheedle thus to spouse in bed
 Spoke the best things he e'er had read,
 Madam, surpris'd, (you must suppose it)
 Had lock'd a Templar in the closet;
 A youth of pregnant parts and worth,
 To play at picquet, and so forth—
 This wag, when he had heard the whole,
 Demurely to the curtain stole,
 And peeping in, with solemn tone,
 Cry'd out, "O Man! thy days are done;
 "The gods are fearful of the worst,
 "And send me, Death, to fetch thee first;
 "To save their fav'rite from self-murder,
 "Lo! thus I execute their order."
 "Hold, Sir, for second thoughts are best," 35
 The husband cry'd; "it is my request
 "With pleasure to prolong my life."——
 "Your meaning?"—"Pray, Sir, take my wife!" 38

THE PLATONIC SPELL.

"WHENE'ER I wed," young Strephon cry'd,
 "Ye Pow'rs that o'er the noose preside!
 "Wit, beauty, wealth, good-humour, give,
 "Or let me still a rover live;

"But if all these no nymph can share,
 "Let mine, ye Pow'rs! be doubly fair."
 Thus pray'd the swain in heat of blood,
 Whilst nigh celestial Cupid stood,
 And tapping him, said, "Youth! be wise,
 "And let a child for once advise,
 "A faultless make, a manag'd wit,
 "Humour, and riches, rarely meet:
 "But if a beauty you'd obtain,
 "Court some bright Phyllis of the brain;
 "The dear idea long enjoy;
 "Clean is the bliss, and ne'er will cloy.
 "But trust me, Youth! for I'm sincere,
 "And know the ladies to a hair,
 "Howe'er small poets whine upon it,
 "In madrigal, and song, and sonnet,
 "Their beauty's but a spell, to bring
 "A lover to th' enchanted ring.
 "Ere the sack-poffet is digested,
 "Or half of Hymen's taper wasted,
 "The winning air, the wanton trip,
 "The radiant eye, the velvet lip,
 "From which you fragrant kisses stole,
 "And seem'd to suck her springing soul;
 "These, and the rest you doated on,
 "Are nauseous or insipid grown;
 "The spell dissolves, the cloud is gone,
 "And Sacharissa turns to Joan."

PROLOGUE

TO SOUTHERNE'S SPARTAN GAME,

WHEN realms are ravag'd with invasive foes,
Each bosom with heroic ardour glows;
Old chiefs, reflecting on their former deeds,
Disdain to rust with batter'd invalids,
But active in the foremost ranks appear, 5
And leave young smock-fac'd beaus to guard the rear.
So, to repel the Vandals of the stage,
Our vet'ran bard resumes his tragic rage:
He throws the gauntlet Otway us'd to wield,
And calls for Englishmen to judge the field. 10
Thus arm'd, to rescue Nature from disgrace,
Messieurs! lay down your minstrels and grimace:
The brawniest youths of Troy the combat fear'd
When old Etellus in the lists appear'd.
Yet what avails the champion's giant size, 15
When pigmies are made umpires of the prize?
Your fathers (men of sense, and honest bowlers)
Disdain'd the mummary of foreign strollers:
By their examples would you form your taste,
The present age might emulate the past. 20
We hop'd that art and genius had secur'd you,
But soon facetious Harlequin allur'd you:
The Muses blush'd to see their friends exalting
Those elegant delights of jig and vaulting.

So charm'd you were, you ceas'd a while to dote 25
On nonsense, gargled in an eunuch's throat;
All pleas'd to hear the chatt'ring monsters speak,
As old wives wonder at the parson's Greek:
Such light ragoûts and mushrooms may be good
To whet your appetites for wholesome food; 30
But the bold Briton ne'er in earnest dines
Without substantial haunches and sirloins:
In wit as well as war they give us vigour;
Cressy was lost by kickshaws and soup-meagre.
Instead of light deserts and luscious froth, 35
Our poet treats to-night with Spartan broth,
To which, as well as all his former feasts,
The ladies are the chief-invited guests.
Crown'd with a kind of Glastonbury bays,
That bloom amid the winter of his days, 40
He comes, ambitious in his green decline,
To consecrate his wreath at Beauty's shrine.
His Oroonoko never fail'd t' engage
The radiant circles of the former age:
Each bosom heav'd, all eyes were seen to flow, 45
And sympathize with Isabella's woe;
But Fate reserv'd, to crown his elder fame,
The brightest audience for the Spartan dame. 48

EPISTLES.

TO A LADY,

SITTING BEFORE HER GLASS.

I.

So smooth and clear the fountain was
 In which his face Narcissus spy'd,
 When, gazing in that liquid glass,
 He for himself despair'd and dy'd:
 Nor, Chloris, can you safer see
 Your own perfections here than he.

II.

The lark before the mirror plays
 Which some deceitful swain has set;
 Pleas'd with herself, she fondly stays
 To die deluded in the net:
 Love may such frauds for you prepare,
 Yourself the captive and the snare.

III.

But, Chloris, whilst you there review
 Those graces op'ning in their bloom,
 Think how disease and age pursue,
 Your riper glories to consume;
 Then, sighing, you will wish your glass
 Could shew to Chloris what she was.

IV.

Let pride no more give Nature law,
 But free the youth your pow'r enslaves: 20
 Her form, like your's, bright Cynthia saw
 Reflected on the crystal waves,
 Yet priz'd not all her charms above
 The pleasure of Endymion's love.

V.

No longer let your glass supply 23
 'Too just an emblem of your breast,
 Where oft' to my deluded eye
 Love's image has appear'd impress,
 But play'd so lightly on your mind,
 It left no lasting print behind! 30

TO THE SAME,

READING

THE ART OF LOVE.

WHILST Ovid here reveals the various arts
 Both how to polish and direct their darts,
 Let meaner beauties by his rules improve,
 And read these lines to gain success in love:
 But Heav'n alone, that multiplies our race,
 Has pow'r t' increase the conquests of your face.
 The Spring, before he paints the rising flow'rs,
 Receives mild beams and soft descending show'rs;

But love blooms ever fresh beneath your charms,
 Tho' neither pity weeps nor kindness warms;
 The chiefs who doubt success assert their claim
 By stratagems, and poorly steal a name:
 The gen'rous son of Jove * in open fight
 Made bleeding Victory proclaim his might:
 Like him resistless, when you take the field
 Love sounds the signal, and the world must yield. 16

AN EPISTLE

TO MR. SOUTHERNE,

FROM KENT, JANUARY 28. 1710-11.

BOLD is the Muse to leave her humble cell
 And sing to thee, who know'st to sing so well;
 Thee! who to Britain still preserv'st the crown,
 And mak'st her rival Athens in renown.
 Could Sophocles behold in mournful state
 The weeping Graces on Imoinda wait,
 Or hear thy Isabella's moving moan,
 Distress'd and lost for vices not her own;
 If envy could permit, he'd fure agree
 To write by nature were to copy thee;
 So full, so fair, thy images are shown,
 He by thy pencil might improve his own.

* Alexander.

There was an age (its memory will last)
 Before Italian airs debauch'd our taste;
 In which the fable Muse with hopes and fears
 Fill'd ev'ry breast and ev'ry eye with tears;
 But where 's that art which all our passions rais'd,
 And mov'd the springs of Nature as it pleas'd?
 Our poets only practise on the pit
 With florid lines, and trifling turns of wit
 Howe'er 't is well the present times can boast
 The race of Charles's reign not wholly lost.
 Thy scenes, immortal in their worth, shall stand
 Among the chosen classics of our land:
 And whilst our sons are by tradition taught
 How Barry spoke what thou and Otway wrote,
 They 'll think it praise to relish and repeat,
 And own thy works inimitably great.
 Shakespeare, the genius of our isle, whose mind
 (The universal mirror of mankind)
 Express'd all images, enrich'd the stage,
 But sometimes stoop'd to please a barb'rous age.
 When his immortal bays began to grow,
 Rude was the language, and the humour low:
 He, like the god of Day, was always bright;
 But, rolling in its course, his orb of light
 Was fully'd and obscur'd, tho' soaring high,
 With spots contracted from the nether sky:
 But whither is th' advent'rous Muse betray'd?
 Forgive her rashness, venerable Shade!

May Spring with purple flow'rs perfume thy urn,
 And Avon with his greens thy grave adorn:
 Be all thy faults, whatever faults there be,
 Imputed to the times, and not to thee.

Some scions shot from this immortal root,
 Their tops much lower, and less fair the fruit.

Johnson the tribute of my verse might claim,
 Had he not strove to blemish Shakespeare's name.

But, like the radiant Twins that gild the sphere,
 Fletcher and Beaumont next in pomp appear:

The first a fruitful vine, in blooming pride,
 Had been by superfluity destroy'd,

But that his friend, judiciously severe,
 Prun'd the luxuriant boughs with artful care;

On various-sounding harps the Muses play'd,
 And sung, and quaff'd their nectar in the shade.

Few Moderns in the lists with these may stand,
 For in those days were giants in the land;

Suffice it now by lineal right to claim,
 And bow with filial awe to Shakespeare's fame:

The second honours are a glorious name.
 Achilles dead, they found no equal lord

To wear his armour and to wield his sword.

An age most odious and accurs'd ensu'd,
 Discolour'd with a pious monarch's blood,

Whose fall when first the Tragic Virgin saw,
 She fled, and left her province to the law.

D iij

Her merry sister still pursu'd the game;
 Her garb was alter'd, but her gifts the same.
 She first reform'd the muscles of her face,
 And learn'd the solemn screw for signs of grace;
 Then circumcis'd her locks, and form'd her tone,
 By humming to a tabor and a drone;
 Her eyes she disciplin'd precisely right,
 Both when to wink, and how to turn the white: 75
 Thus, banish'd from the stage, she gravely next
 Assum'd a cloak, and quibbled o'er a text.

But when, by miracles of mercy shown,
 Much-suffering Charles regain'd his father's throne;
 When peace and plenty overflow'd the land,
 She straight pull'd off her satin cap and band,
 Bade Wycherley be bold in her defence,
 With pointed wit and energy of sense;
 Eth'rege and Sedley join'd him in her cause,
 And all deserv'd, and all receiv'd, applause. 85

Restor'd with less success, the Tragic Muse
 Had quite forgot her style by long disuse:
 She taught her Maximins to rant in rhyme,
 Mistaking rattling nonsense for sublime,
 Till witty Buckingham reform'd her taste, 90
 And sneering sham'd her into sense at last:
 But now relaps'd, she dwindles to a song,
 And weakly warbles on an eunuch's tongue;
 And with her minstrelsy may still remain
 Till Southerne court her to be great again. 95

Perhaps the beauties of thy Spartan dame;
 Who (long defrauded of the public fame)
 Shall, with superior majesty avow'd,
 Shine like a goddess breaking from a cloud,
 Once more may re-instate her on the stage,
 Her action graceful, and divine her rage. 100

Arts have their empires, and, like other states,
 Their rise and fall are govern'd by the Fates:
 They, when their period's measur'd out by time,
 Transplant their laurels to another clime. 105
 The Grecian Muse once fill'd with loud alarms
 The court of heav'n, and clad the gods in arms;
 The trumpet silent, humbly she essay'd
 The Doric reed, and sang beneath the shade,
 Extoll'd a frugal life, and taught the swains 110
 T' observe the seasons, and manure the plains:
 Sometimes in warbled hymns she paid her vow,
 Or wove Olympic wreaths for Theron's brow;
 Sometimes on flow'ry beds she lay supine,
 And gave her thoughts a loose to love and wine; 115
 Or, in her sable stole and buskins dress'd,
 Shew'd Vice enthron'd, and virtuous kings oppress'd.

The nymph still fair, however past her bloom,
 From Greece at length was led in chains to Rome:
 Whilst wars abroad and civil discord reign'd, 120
 Silent the beauteous captive long remain'd;
 That interval employ'd her timely care
 To study and refine the language there.

She views with anguish on the Roman stage
 The Grecian beauties weep, the warriors rage; 125
 But most those scenes delight th' immortal maid
 Which Scipio had revis'd and Roscius play'd.
 Thence to the pleadings of the gown she goes,
 (For Themis then could speak in polish'd prose)
 Charm'd at the bar, amid th' attentive throng 130
 She bless'd the Syren pow'r of Tully's tongue:
 But when, Octavius! thy successful sword
 Was sheath'd, and universal peace restor'd,
 Fond of a monarch, to the court she came,
 And chose a num'rous choir to chant his fame. 135
 First from the green retreats and lowly plains
 Her Virgil soar'd sublime in epic strains;
 His theme so glorious, and his flight so true,
 She with Mæonian garlands grac'd his brow;
 Taught Horace then to touch the Lesbian lyre, 140
 And Sappho's sweetness join'd with Pindar's fire.
 By Cæsar's bounty all the tuneful train
 Enjoy'd, and sung of Saturn's golden reign:
 No genius then was left to live on praise,
 Or curs'd the barren ornament of bays; 145
 On all her sons he cast a kind regard,
 Nor could they write so fast as he reward.
 The Muse, industrious to record his name
 In the bright annals of eternal fame,
 Profuse of favours lavish'd, all her store, 150
 And for one reign made many ages poor.

Now from the rugged North unnumber'd swarms
 Invade the Latian coasts with barb'rous arms;
 A race unpolish'd, but inur'd to toil,
 Rough as their heav'n, and barren as their soil: 155
 These locusts ev'ry springing art destroy'd,
 And soft Humanity before them dy'd.
 Picture no more maintain'd the doubtful strife
 With Nature's scenes; nor gave the canvass life;
 Nor Sculpture exercis'd her skill, beneath
 Her forming hand to make the marble breathe: 160
 Struck with despair, they stood devoid of thought,
 Less lively than the works themselves had wrought.
 On those twin-sisters such disasters came,
 Tho' colours and proportions are the same: 165
 In ev'ry age and clime, their beauties known
 To ev'ry language, and confin'd by none.
 But Fate less freedom to the Muse affords,
 And checks her genius with the choice of words:
 To paint her thoughts the diction must be found
 Of easy grandeur and harmonious sound: 170
 Thus when she rais'd her voice, divinely great,
 To sing the founder of the Roman state,
 The language was adapted to the song,
 Sweet and sublime, with native beauty strong: 175
 But when the Goths' insulting troops appear'd,
 Such dissonance the trembling virgin heard,
 Chang'd to a swan, from Tyber's troubled streams.
 She wing'd her flight, and sought the silver Thames.

Long in the melancholy grove she staid, 180
 And taught the pensive Druids in the shade;
 In solemn and instructive notes they sung
 From whence the beauteous frame of Nature sprung,
 Who polish'd all the radiant orbs above,
 And in bright order made the planets move; 185
 Whence thunders roar, and frightful meteors fly,
 And comets roll unbounded thro' the sky;
 Who wing'd the winds, and gave the streams to flow,
 And rais'd the rocks, and spread the lawns below;
 Whence the gay spring exults in flow'ry pride, 190
 And autumn with the bleeding grape is dy'd;
 Whence summer suns imbrown the lab'ring swains,
 And shiv'ring winter pines in icy chains;
 And prais'd the Pow'r Supreme, nor dar'd advance
 So vain a theory as that of Chance. 195

But in this isle she found the nymphs so fair,
 She chang'd her hand, and chose a softer air,
 And Love and Beauty next became her care.
 Greece, her lov'd country, only could afford
 A Venus and a Helen to record;
 A thousand radiant nymphs she here beheld,
 Who match'd the goddess, and the queen excell'd:
 T' immortalize their loves she long essay'd,
 But still the tongue her gen'rous toil betray'd;
 Chaucer had all that beauty could inspire,
 And Surrey's numbers glow'd with warm desire: 205

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Both now are priz'd by few, unknown to most,
 Because the thoughts are in the language lost.
 Ev'n Spenser's pearls in muddy waters lie;
 Yet soon their beams attract the diver's eye:
 Rich was their imag'ry, till Time defac'd
 The curious works. But Waller came at last.
 Waller the Muse with heav'nly verse supplies,
 Smooth as the fair, and sparkling as their eyes;
 "All but the nymph that should redress his wrong
 "Attend his passion, and approve his song."
 But when this Orpheus sunk, and hoary age
 Suppress'd the lover's and the poet's rage,
 To Granville his melodious lute he gave,
 Granville! whose faithful verse is Beauty's slave:
 "Accept this gift, my fav'rite Youth!" she cry'd,
 "To sound a brighter theme, and sing of Hyde;
 "Hyde's and thy lovely Myra's praise proclaim,
 "And match Carlisle's and Sacharissa's fame."

O! would he now forsake the myrtle grove,
 And sing of arms as late he sung of love!
 His colours and his hand alone should paint
 In Britain's queen the warrior and the saint;
 In whom conspire, to form her truly great,
 Wisdom with pow'r, and piety with state.
 Whilst from her throne the streams of justice flow,
 Strong and serene, to bless the land below,
 O'er distant realms her dreaded thunders roll,
 And the wild rage of tyranny control.

Her pow'r to quell, and pity to redress; 235
 The Maese, the Danube, and the Rhine, confess;
 Whence bleeding Iber hopes around his head
 To see fresh olive spring, and plenty spread;
 And whilst they sound their great deliv'rer's fame;
 The Seine retires, and sickens at her name. 240
 O Granville! all these glorious scenes display,
 Instruct succeeding monarchs how to sway,
 And make her memory rever'd by all,
 When triumphs are forgot, and mould'ring arches
 fall.

Pardon me, Friend! I own my Muse too free 245
 To write so long on such a theme to thee:
 To play the critic here—with equal right
 Bid her pretend to teach Argyle to fight;
 Instruct th' unerring sun to guide the year,
 And Harley by what schemes he ought to steer; 250
 Give Harcourt eloquence to adorn the seal,
 Maxims of state to Leeds, to Beaufort zeal;
 Try to correct what Orrery shall write,
 And make harmonious St. John more polite;
 Teach law to Isla for the crown's support, 255
 And Jersey how to serve and grace a court;
 Dictate soft warbling airs to Sheffield's hand,
 When Venus and her Loves around him stand;
 In sage debates to Rochester impart
 A searching head and ever faithful heart; 260

Make Talbot's finish'd virtue more complete,
 High without pride, and amiably great,
 Where Nature all her pow'rs with Fortune join'd,
 At once to please and benefit mankind.

When cares were to my blooming youth unknown,
 My fancy free, and all my hours my own, 266
 I lov'd along the laureat grove to stray,
 The paths were pleasant, and the prospect gay;
 But now my genius sinks, and hardly knows

To make a couplet tinkle in the clofe. 270

Yet when you next to Medway shall repair,
 And quit the Town to breathe a purer air,
 Retiring from the crowd to steal the sweets
 Of easy life in Twyden's calm retreats,
 (As Terence to his Lælius lov'd to come, 275

And in Campania scorn'd the pomp of Rome)
 Where Lambard, form'd for bus'ness, and to please,
 By sharing will improve your happiness;
 In both their souls imperial reason sways,
 In both the patriot and the friend displays; 280
 Be lov'd, and prais'd by all who merit love and
 praise. 285

With bright ideas there inspir'd anew,
 By them excited, and inform'd by you,
 I may with happier skill essay to sing
 Sublimer notes, and strike a bolder string. 285

Languid and dull, when absent from her cave,
 No oracles of old the Sibyl gave;

But when beneath her sacred shrine the flood,
 Her fury soon confess'd the coming god;
 Her breast began to heave, her eyes to roll,
 And wondrous visions fill'd her lab'ring soul.

A LETTER

TO THE KNIGHT OF THE SABLE SHIELD.

Habet Bibliopola Tryphon.

MART. LIB. IV.

SIR Knight! who knew with equal skill
 To make a poem and a pill,
 'Twas my misfortune t'other night
 To be tormented with a spright.
 On either side his head the hair
 Seem'd bushing out, the top was bare;
 His garb antique, but on his face
 There reign'd a sweet majestic grace;
 Of comely port, and in his hand
 He decent wav'd a laurel wand:
 On the left foot (by which I found
 His name was on the stage renown'd)
 A sock of curious shape he wore,
 With myrtle foliage flourish'd o'er;
 A purple buskin grac'd the right,
 And strong he stepp'd, yet lovely light.

"Thy friendly care," he cry'd, "I crave
 "To give me quiet in my grave;

"Tryphon constrains me from the dead;
 "A wizard whom I hate and dread;
 "By him to dangle on a post;
 "I'm conjur'd up!"—"Alas! poor Ghost!"
 "A pendulum I there am made;
 "To move the leaden wheels of trade;
 "And while each little author struts
 "In calf's-skin gilt, adorn'd with cuts,
 "I, vouching, pass 'em off as dear
 "As any staple classic ware.
 "Peers, parsons, cite, a motley tribe,
 "Flock there to purchase and subscribe,
 "While Tryphon, as the gudgeons bite,
 "Chuckles to see them grow polite."

For ends thus infamously low,
 It sure would seem as *à propos*
 For Dennis at his door to stand,
 With a good broomstick in his hand;
 Then, should the chaps find ought amiss,
 Or blame the price, the tragic Swiss
 Might have his better parts employ'd
 To criticize them back and side.

Or is there none of all his race
 Whose features would a sign-board grace?
 Oft' in the wizard's cell I 'ave seen
 A sorrel man, of awkward mien,
 Prying with busy leer about,
 As if he were the devil's scout.

I ne'er was vers'd in modish vice,
 But sure those whore'sed glowing eyes w
 Have travell'd much on love-affairs,
 Between the key-hole and the stairs;
 O! cheat the gibbet of a sign,
 And with his head contemn for mine.
 When first I heard his damn'd intent,
 To Tryphon's bed by night I went,
 Where he lay blest'd with dreams of gain,
 Furs, scarlet, and a golden chain;
 I rous'd the wretch, and weeping said,
 "O! take my wit, and spare my head,
 Urge not the wags to sneer and jape;
 Just as of old they us'd Priapus!
 But as a whelp starts up with fear,
 When a bee's humming at his ear,
 With upper lip elate he grins;
 Whilst round the little reazer spins,
 But when aloof in air it soars,
 He straight forgets th' alarm, and snores;
 So did his fellow-creature flight
 The fleeting vision of the night.
 My pray'rs were lost, tho' while I stay'd
 I smelt they strong impressions made.
 There is a Knight who takes the field
 With Saxon pen and Sable Shield,
 Who, doubtless, can relieve my ghost,
 And disenchant me from the post;

Then I could rest as still as those 75
 Whom he has drudg'd to sure repose,
 As if he traded in the whole,
 And with the body kill'd the soul :
 To him for aid with speed repair—
 " But soft! I scent the morning air : " 80
 Be mindful of my piteous plight,
 And to my cause engage the Knight.

Now, gentle Sir! give ear to me,
 For I prescribe without a fee :
 From Curll's remove the seat of war, 85
 Encamp on t' other side the Bar;
 Level your eye at Tryphon's shop,
 Another epic at him pop;
 What tho' without report it move,
 Like the sure darts of Death or Love, 90
 I know your powder is so strong
 No mortal sign can stand you long.

But if, by magic, this oppose
 The volley of your verse and prose,
 I'll be your squire and firm ally, 95
 Write, crimp, and coax him up to buy;
 Not all the necromancer's art
 Will save it then, beshrew his heart!
 What can support a shop or sign
 When two such per'lous wits combine? 100

TO MR. POPE.

AN IMITATION OF A GREEK EPIGRAM IN HOMER,

*In which the poet supposeth Apollo to have given this answer
to one who inquired who was the author of the Iliad.*

"Ἡειδον μὲν Ἐγὼν, ἔχαρασσε δὲ θεὸς Ὀμηρος.

Hæc molulaba Ego, scripsit divinus Homerus.

WHEN Phœbus and the Nine harmonious maids
Of old assembled in the Thespian shades,
"What theme," they cry'd, "what high immortal
"Befits these harps to sound, and thee to hear?" [air,
Reply'd the god, "Your loftiest notes employ 5
"To sing young Peleus and the fall of Troy."
The wondrous song with rapture they rehearse,
Then ask who wrought that miracle of verse.
He answer'd with a frown; "I now reveal
"A truth that Envy bids me not conceal. 10
"Retiring frequent to this laureat vale,
"I warbled to the lyre that fav'rite tale,
"Which, unobserv'd, a wand'ring Greek, and blind,
"Heard me repeat, and treasur'd in his mind;
"And, fir'd with thirst of more than mortal praise,
"From me, the god of Wit, usurp'd the bays. 16

"But let vain Greece indulge her growing fame,
 "Proud with celestial spoils to grace her name;
 "Yet when my arts shall triumph in the West,
 "And the White Isle with female pow'r is blest, 20
 "Fame, I foresee, will make reprisals there,
 "And the translator's palm to me transfer:
 "With less regret my claim I now decline;
 "The world will think this English Iliad mine." 24

AN EPISTLE

TO THOMAS LAMBARD, ESQ.

*Omnia me tua delectant; sed maxime, maxima cum fides in amicitia,
 consilium, gravitas, constantia; tum lepos, humanitas, literæ.*

CICERO, Lib. xi. Ep. 27.

SLOW tho' I am to wake the sleeping lyre,
 Yet should the Muse some happy song inspire,
 Fit for a friend to give, and worthy thee,
 That fav'rite verse to Lambard I decree:
 Such may the Muse inspire, and make it prove 5
 A pledge and monument of lasting love!

Mean-time intent the fairest plan to find
 To form the manners and improve the mind,
 Me the fam'd wits of Rome and Athens please,
 By Orrery's indulgence wrapt in ease, 10
 Whom all the rival Muses strive to grace
 With wreaths familiar to his letter'd race:

Now Truth's bright charms employ my serious
 In flowing eloquence by Tully taught; [thought,
 Then from the shades of Tusculum I rove, 15
 And studious wander in the Grecian grove,
 While wonder and delight the soul engage
 To sound the depths of Plato's sacred page;
 Where Science in attractive fable lies,
 And, veil'd, the more invites her lover's eyes. 20
 Transported thence, the flow'ry heights I gain
 Of Pindus, and admire the warbling train,
 Whose wings the Muse in better ages prun'd,
 And their sweet harps to moral airs attun'd.
 As night is tedious while, in love betray'd, 25
 The wakeful youth expects the faithless maid;
 As weary'd hinds accuse the ling'ring sun,
 And heirs impatient wish for twenty-one;
 So dull to Horace* did the moments glide,
 Till his free Muse her sprightly force employ'd 30
 To combat vice, and follies to expose,
 In easy numbers near ally'd to prose:
 Guilt blush'd and trembled when she heard him sing;
 He smil'd reproof, and tickled with his sting.
 With such a graceful negligence exprest, 35
 Wit, thus apply'd, will ever stand the test:
 But he who, blindly led, by whimfy strays,
 And from gross images would merit praise,

* Lib. i. Epist. x.

When Nature sets the noblest stores in view, who
Affects to polish copper in Peru; who
So while their seas on barren sands are cast, who
The saltness of their waves offends the taste; who
But when to heav'n exhal'd, in fruitful rain, who
And fragrant dew they fall, to cheer the swain, who
Revive the fainting flow'rs, and swell the meagre
wheat grain.

Be this their case who, studious of renown, who
Toil up th' Aonian steep to reach the crown; who
Suffice it me that, (having spent my prime, who
In picking epithets and yoking rhyme) who
To steadier rule my thoughts I now compose, who
And prize ideas clad in honest prose, who
Old Dryden, emulous of Caesar's praise, who
Cover'd his baldness with immortal bays; who
And Death, perhaps to spoil poetic sport, who
Unkindly cut an Alexandrine short, who
His ear had a more lasting itch than mine, who
For the smooth cadence of a golden line, who
Should lust of verse prevail, and urge the man, who
To run the trifling race the boy began, who
Mellow'd with sixty winters, you might see, who
My circle end in second infancy: who
I might ere long an awkward humour have, who
To wear my bells and coral to the grave, who
Or round my room alternate take a course, who
Now mount my hobby, then the Muses' horse, who

Let others wither gay, but I'd appear
 With sage decorum in my easy chair;
 Grave as Libanius slumb'ring o'er the laws,
 Whilst gold and party zeal decide the cause.

A nobler task our riper age affords
 Than scanning syllables and weighing words.
 To make his hours in even measures flow,
 Nor think some fleet too fast and some too slow;
 Still equal in himself, and free to taste
 The Now, without repining at the Past;
 Nor the vain prescience of the spleen t' employ,
 To pall the flavour of a promis'd joy;
 To live tenacious of the golden mean,
 In all events of various fate serene;
 With virtue steel'd, and steady to survey
 Age, death, disease, or want, without dismay:
 These arts, my Lambard! useful in their end,
 Make man to others and himself a friend.

Happiest of mortals he who, timely wise,
 In the calm walks of truth his bloom enjoys;
 With books and patrimonial plenty blest,
 Health in his veins, and quiet in his breast!
 Him no vain hopes attract, no fear appals,
 Nor the gay servitude of courts enthral,
 Unknowing how to mask concerted guile
 With a false cringe, or undermining smile;
 His manners pure, from affectation free,
 And prudence shines thro' clear simplicity.

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Tho' no rich labours of the Persian loom,
 Nor the nice sculptor's art, adorn his room,
 Sleep unprovok'd will softly seal his eyes,
 And innocence the want of down supplies;
 Health tempers all his cups, and at his board
 Reigns the cheap luxury the fields afford:
 Like the great Trojan, mantled in a cloud,
 Himself unseen, he sees the lab'ring crowd,
 Where all industrious to their ruin run,
 Swift to pursue what most they ought to shun.
 Some, by the sordid thirst of gain controll'd,
 Starve in their stores, and cheat themselves for gold;
 Preserve the precious bane with anxious care,
 In vagrant lusts to feed a lavish heir:
 Others devour Ambition's glitt'ring bait,
 To sweat in purple, and repine in state;
 Devote their pow'rs to ev'ry wild extreme
 For the short pageant of a pompous dream;
 Nor can the mind to full perfection bring
 The fruits it early promis'd in the spring,
 But in a public sphere those virtues fade,
 Which open'd fair and flourish'd in the shade:
 So while the Night her ebon sceptre sways,
 Her fragrant blooms the Indian plant * displays;
 But the full day the short-liv'd beauties shun,
 Elude our hopes, and sicken at the sun.

* The nure-tree.

Fantastic joys in distant views appear; 120
 And tempt the man to make the rash career. 121
 Fame, pow'r, and wealth, which glitter at the goal,
 Allure his eye, and fire his eager soul : 122
 For these are ease and innocence resign'd;
 For these he strips; farewell the tranquil mind! 123
 Headstrong, he urges on till vigour fails;
 And gray experience (but too late!) prevails: 124
 But in his ev'ning view the hoary fool,
 When the nerves slacken and the spirits cool;
 When joy and blusky youth forsake his face,
 Sicklied with age, and sour with self-disgrace; 130
 No flavour then the sparkling cups retain;
 Music is harsh, the Syren sings in vain.
 To him what healing balm can art apply
 Who lives diseas'd with life, and dreads to die? 135
 In that last scene, by Fate in fables dress'd,
 Thy pow'r, triumphant Virtue! is confess'd;
 Thy Vestal flames diffuse celestial light;
 Thro' Death's dark vale, and vanquish total night;
 Lenient of anguish, o'er the breast prevail; 140
 When the gay toys of flatt'ring Fortune fail;
 Such, happy Twicken! (ever be thy name
 Mourn'd by the Muse, and fair in deathless fame!)
 While the bright effluence of her glory shone
 Were thy last hours, and such I wish my own : 145
 So cassia bruise'd exhales her rich perfumes,
 And incense in a fragrant cloud consumes.

Most spoil the babe that Nature's pleas'd to impart
 By too much varnish or by want of art: 150
 By solid science all her gifts are grac'd,
 Like gems: new polish'd, and with gold encas'd.
 Votes to th' unletter'd Squire the laws allow,
 As Rome rectiv'd dictators from the plough:
 But arts, address, and force of genius, join
 To make a Hammer in the senate shine. 155
 Yet one presiding pow'r in ev'ry breast
 Receives a stronger sanction than the rest;
 And they who study and discern it well
 Act unrestrain'd, without design excel,
 But court contempt, and err without redress, 160
 Missing the master-talent they possess.
 Whiston perhaps in Euclid may succeed,
 But shall I trust him to reform my creed?
 In sweet assemblage ev'ry blooming grace
 Fix Love's bright throne in Teraminta's face, 165
 With which her faultless shape and air agree,
 But, wanting wit, she strives to repartee;
 And, ever prone her matchless form to wrong,
 Lest Envy should be dumb she lends her tongue.
 By long experience D—y may, no doubt,
 Ensnare a gudgeon, or sometimes a trout;
 Yet Dryden once exclaim'd (in partial spite)
 "He fish!"—because the man attempts to write.
 Oh! if the water-nymphs were kind to none
 But those the Muses bathe in Helicon, 175

In what far distant age would Belgia raise
 One happy wit to net the British fear?
 Nature permits her various gifts to fall
 On various climes, nor smiles alike on all:
 The Latian vales eternal verdure wear,
 And flow'rs spontaneous crown the smiling year;
 But who manures a wild Norwegian hill
 To raise the jasmine or the coy jonquil?
 Who finds the peach among the savage flocks,
 Or in bleak Scythia seeks the blushing rose?
 Here golden grain waves o'er the teeming fields,
 And there the vine her racy purple yields.
 High on the cliffs the British oak ascends,
 Proud to survey the seas her pow'r defends;
 Her sov'reign title to the flag she proves,
 Scornful of softer India's spicy groves.

These instances, which true in fact we find,
 Apply we to the culture of the mind,
 This soil, in early youth improv'd with care,
 The seeds of gentle science best will bear;
 That with more particles of flame inspir'd,
 With glitt'ring arms and thirst of fame is fir'd;
 Nothing of greatness in a third will grow,
 But barren as it is 't will bear a beau.
 If these from Nature's genial bent depart,
 In life's dull farce to play a borrow'd part;
 Should the sage dress, and flutter in the Mall,
 Or leave his problems for a birth-night ball;

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Should the rough homicide unsheath his pen,
 And in heroics only murder men;
 Should the soft sop for sake the lady's charms,
 To face the foe with inoffensive arms,
 Each would variety of acts afford,
 Fit for some new Cervantes to record.

"Whither," you cry, "tends all this dry discourse?"

"To prove, like Hudibras, a man's no horse!"

"I look'd for sparkling lines, and something gay,

"To frisk my fancy with; but, sooth to say,

"From her Apollo now the Muse elopes,

"And trades in syllogisms more than tropes."

Faith, Sir, I see you nod, but can't forbear;

When a friend reads, in honour you must hear;

For all enthusiasts, when the fit is strong,

Indulge a volubility of tongue:

Their fury triumphs o'er the men of phlegm;

And, council-proof, will never baulk a theme;

So Burgess on his tripod rav'd the more

When round him half the saints began to snore.

To lead us safe thro' error's thorny maze

Reason exerts her pure ethereal rays;

But that bright daughter of eternal day

Holds in our mortal frame a dubious sway.

Tho' no lethargic fumes the brain invest,

And opiate all her active pow'rs to rest;

Tho' on that magazine no fevers seize,

To calcine all her beauteous images;

Yet banish'd from the realms by night her own,
 Passion, a blind usurper, mounts the throne;
 Or, to known good preferring precious ill,
 Reason becomes a cully to the will.
 Thus man, perversely fond to roam astray,
 Hoodwinks the guide assign'd to shew the way,
 And in life's voyage like the pilot fares,
 Who breaks the compass, and contemns the stars,
 To steer by meteors, which at random fly,
 Preluding to a tempest in the sky,
 Vain of his skill, and led by various views,
 Each to his end a diff'rent path pursues;
 And seldom is one wretch so humble known,
 To think his friend's a better than his own:
 The boldest they who least partake the light,
 As game-cocks in the dark are train'd to fight,
 Nor shame nor ruin can our pride abate;
 But what became our choice we call our fate.
 "Villain," said Zeno to his pilf'ring slave,
 "What frugal Nature needs I freely gave;
 "With thee my treasure I depos'd in trust,
 "What could provoke thee now to prove unjust?"
 "Sir, blame the stars," felonious culprit cry'd;
 "We'll by the statute of the stars be try'd;
 "If their strong influence all our actions urge,
 "Some are foredoom'd to steal—and some to scourge:
 "The beadle must obey the Fates' decree,
 "As pow'rful Destiny prevail'd with thee."

This Heathen logic seems to bear too hard 260
 On me, and many a harmless modern bard:
 The critics hence may think themselves decreed
 To jerk the wits, and rail at all they read;
 Foes to the tribe from which they trace their clan,
 As monkies draw their pedigree from man; 265
 To which (tho' by the breed our kind's disgrac'd)
 We grant superior elegance of taste;
 But in their own defence the wits observe,
 That by impulse from Heav'n they write and starve;
 Their patron planet with resistless pow'r 270
 Irradiates ev'ry poet's natal hour;
 Engend'ring in his head a solar heat,
 For which the college has no sure receipt,
 Else from their garrets would they soon withdraw,
 And leave the rats to revel in the straw. 275

Nothing so much intoxicates the brain
 As flatt'ry's smooth insinuating bane:
 She on th' unguarded ear employs her art,
 While vain self-love unlocks the yielding heart;
 And reason oft' submits when both invade, 280
 Without assaulted, and within betray'd.
 When flatt'ry's magic mists suffuse the sight,
 The don is active and the boor polite;
 Her mirror shews perfection thro' the whole,
 And ne'er reflects a wrinkle or a mole; 285
 Each character in gay confusion lies,
 And all alike are virtuous, brave, and wise:

Nor fail her fulsome arts to sooth our pride,
 Tho' praise to venom turns if wrong apply'd.
 Me thus she whispers while I write to you: 290
 " Draw forth a banner'd host in fair review;
 " Then ev'ry Muse invoke thy voice to raise,
 " Arms and the man to sing in lofty lays,
 " Whose active bloom heroic deeds employ,
 " Such as the son of Thetis * sung at Troy, 295
 " When his high-founding lyre his valour rais'd
 " To emulate the demi-gods he prais'd
 " Like him the Briton, warin at honour's call,
 " At fam'd Blaragnia quell'd the bleeding Gaul;
 " By France the genius of the fight confest, 300
 " For which our patron saint adorn's his breast." —

Is this my friend who sits in full content,
 Jovial, and joking with his men of Kent,
 And never any scene of slaughter saw,
 But those who sell by physic or the law? 305
 Why is he for exploits in war renown'd,
 Deck'd with a star, with bloody laurels crown'd?
 O often prov'd, and ever found sincere!
 Too honest is thy heart, thy sense too clear,
 On these encomiums to vouchsafe a smile, 310
 Which only can belong to great Argyle.

But most among the brethren of the bays
 The dear enchantress all her charms displays,
 In the fly commerce of alternate praise. }

* Iliad ix.

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 fools.

If, for his father's sins condemn'd to write,
 Some young half-feather'd poet takes a flight,
 And to my touchstone brings a puny ode,
 Which Swift, and Pope, and Prior, would explodè;
 Tho' ev'ry stanza glitters thick with stars,
 And goddesses descend in ivory cars,
 Is it for me to prove in ev'ry part
 The piece irregular by laws of art?
 His genius looks but awkward; yet his fate
 May raise him to be premier bard of state;
 I therefore bribe his suffrage to my fame,
 Revere his judgment and applaud his flame;
 Then cry, in seeming transport, while I speak,
 " 'Tis well for Pindar that he dealt in Greek!"
 He, conscious of desert, accepts the praise,
 And, courteous, with increase the debt repays.
 Boileau's a mushroom if compar'd to me,
 And, Horace, I dispute the palm with thee!
 Both, ravish'd, sing *Te Phœbum* for success;
 Rise swift, ye Laurels! Boy! bespeak the press.—
 Thus on imaginary praise we feed;
 Each writes till all refuse to print or read:
 From the records of fame condemn'd to pass
 To Brisquet's calendar*, a rubric ass.

Few, wondrous few! are eagle-ey'd to find
 A plain disease or blemish in the mind:

* Brisquet, jester to Francis I. of France, kept a calendar of
 fools.

Few can, tho' wisdom should their health ensure,
 Dispassionate and cool attend a cure.
 In youth diffus'd t' obey the needful rein,
 Well pleas'd a savage liberty to gain,
 We sate the keen desire of ev'ry sense, 345
 And lull our age in thoughtless indolence :
 Yet all are Solons in their own conceit,
 Tho', to supply the vacancy of wit,
 Folly and Pride, impatient of control,
 The sister-twins of Sloth, possess the soul. 350
 By Kneller were the gay Pumilio drawn,
 Like great Alcides, with a back of brawn :
 I scarcely think his picture would have pow'r
 To make him fight the champions of the Tow'r,
 Tho' lions there are tolerably tame, 355
 And civil as the court from which they came :
 But yet, without experience, sense, or arts,
 Pumilio boasts sufficiency of parts ;
 Imagines he alone is amply fit
 To guide the state, or give the stamp to wit : 360
 Pride paints the mind with an heroic air,
 Nor finds he a defect of vigour there.

When Philomel of old essay'd to sing,
 And in his rosy progress hail'd the spring,
 Th' ærial songsters, list'ning to the lays, 365
 By silent ecstacy confess'd her praise.
 At length, to rival her enchanting note,
 The peacock strains the discord of his throat,

In hope his hideous shrieks would grateful prove,
But the nice audience hoot him thro' the grove: 370
Conscious of wanted worth, and just disdain,
Low'ring his crest, he creeps to Juno's fane,
To his protectress there reveals the case,
And for a sweeter voice devoutly prays.

Then thus reply'd the radiant goddess, known
By her fair rolling eyes and rattling tone:

" My fav'rite Bird! of all the feather'd kind
" Each species had peculiar gifts assign'd;
" The tow'ring eagles to the realms of light
" By their strong pounces claim a regal right;
" The swan, contented with an humbler fate,
" Low on the fishy river rows in state;
" Gay starry plumes thy length of train bedeck,
" And the green em'rald twinkles on thy neck;
" But the poor nightingale, in mean attire,
" Is made chief warbler of the woodland choir;
" These various bounties were dispos'd above,
" And ratify'd th' unchanging will of Jove.
" Discern thy talent, and his laws adore;
" Be what thou wert design'd, nor aim at more.

Make their affections and their councils one.
You speak—the joining principles remove,
And, close compar'd, the sister-nations prove
Rivals alone in loyalty and love.

What pow'r would now forbid the warrior-queen
To wave the red-cross banners o'er the Seine?

TO THE QUEEN,

ON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY.

From this auspicious day three kingdoms date
 The fairest favours of indulgent Fate;
 From this the months in radiant circles run,
 As stars receive their lustre from the sun.

To you the sceptres of all Europe bend,
 The victor thosè reverè, and thèse the friend;
 Your silken reins the willing nations crave,
 For 't is your lov'd prerogative to save.
 Mild amidst triumphs, victory bestows
 On you renown, and freedom on your foes;
 Observant of your will, the goddess brings
 Palms in her hand, and healing in her wings.

But as the brightest beams and gentlest show'rs
 Were once reserv'd for Eden's op'ning flow'rs;
 So, tho' remoter realms your influence share,
 Britannia boasts to be your darling care.
 By your great wisdom and resistless might
 Abroad we conquer and at home unite;
 Nature had join'd the lands; but you alone
 Make their affections and their councils one. 20
 You speak—the jarring principles remove,
 And, close combin'd, the sister-nations prove
 Rivals alone in loyalty and love. }

What pow'r would now forbid the warrior-queen
 To wave the red-cross banners o'er the Seine? 25

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Others for titles urge the soldier's toil,
 Or meanly seek the foe to seize the spoil;
 But you for right your pious arms employ,
 And conquer to restore, and not destroy;
 Vouchsafing audience to your suppliant foes, 30
 You long to give the lab'ring world repose;
 Concurring justice waits from you the word,
 Pleas'd, when you fix the scales, to sheath the sword.

From this propitious omen we presage
 Unnumber'd blessings to the coming age;
 Establish'd Faith, the daughter of the skies, 35
 Shall see new temples by your bounty rise;
 Commerce beneath the southern stars shall thrive,
 Intestine feuds expire, and arts revive;
 Safe in their shades the Muses shall remain, 40
 And sing the milder glories of your reign.

So, whilst offended Heav'n exerts its pow'r,
 Swift fly the lightnings, loud the thunders roar,
 But when our incense reconciles the skies,
 Again the radiant beams begin to rise; 45
 Soft zephyrs gently waft the clouds away,
 And fragrant flow'rs perfume the dawning day;
 The groves around rejoice with echoing strains,
 And golden Plenty covers all the plains. 49

TO THE RIGHT HON. THE LADY

MARG. CAVENDISH HARLEY.

WITH THE POEMS OF MR. WALLER.

LET others boast the Nine Aonian maids,
 Inspiring streams, and sweet resounding shades,
 Where Phoebus heard the rival bards rehearse,
 And bade the laurels learn the lofty verse:
 In vain! nor Phoebus nor the boasted Nine
 In flame the raptur'd soul with rays divine:
 None but the fair inspire the sacred fire,
 And love with vocal art informs the lyre.
 When Waller, kindling with celestial rage,
 View'd the bright Harley of that wond'ring age,
 His pleasing pain he taught the lute to breathe,
 The Graces sung, and wove his myrtle wreath.
 In youth, of patrimonial wealth possess'd,
 The praise of science faintly warm'd his breast,
 But fir'd to fame by Sidney's rosy smile,
 Swift o'er the laureat realms he urg'd his toil:
 His Muse, by Nature form'd to please the fair,
 Or sing of heroes with majestic air,
 To melting strains attun'd her voice, and strove
 To waken all the tender pow'rs of love;
 More sweetly soft her awful beauty shone
 Than Juno grac'd with Cytherea's zone.

20

As angels love, congenial souls unite
 Their radiance, and refine each other's light.
 The florid and sublime, the grave and gay,
 From Waller's beams imbibe a purer ray;
 Illumin'd, thence in equal lays to bound
 Their copious sense, and harmonize the sound;
 With varied notes the curious ear to please,
 And turn a nervous thought with artful ease.
 Maker and model of melodious verse!
 Accept these votive honours at thy hearse:
 While I with filial awe attempt thy praise,
 Infuse thy genius, and my fancy raise!
 So, warbling o'er his urn, the woodland choirs
 To Orpheus pay the song his shade inspires.
 In Waller's fame, O fairest Harley! view
 What verdant palms shall owe their birth to you:
 To you what deathless charms are thence decreed,
 In Sacharissa's fate vouchsafe to read.
 Secure beneath the wing of with'ring Time
 Her beauties flourish in ambrosial prime;
 Still kindling rapture, see! she moves in state,
 Gods, nymphs, and heroes, on her triumph wait.
 Nor think the lover's praise of love's delight
 In purest minds may stain the virgin white:
 How bright and chaste the poet and his theme!
 So Cynthia shines on Arethusa's stream.
 A fainted virtue to the spheres may sing
 Those strains that ravish'd here the martyr-king.

Plenteous of native wit, in letter'd ease,
 Politely form'd: to profit and to please
 To fame what'er was due he gave to fame,
 And what he could not praise forgot to name:
 Thus Eden's rose, without a thorn, display'd
 Her bloom, and in a fragrant blush decay'd.

Such soul-attracting airs were sung of old,
 When blissful years in golden circles roll'd:
 Pure from deceit, devoid of fear and strife,
 While love was all the pensive care of life,
 The swains in green retreats, with flow'rets crown'd,
 Taught the young groves their passion to resound:
 Fancy pursu'd the paths where Beauty led,
 To please the living or deplore the dead:
 While to their warbled woe the rocks reply'd,
 The rills remurmur'd, and the zephyrs sigh'd,
 From death redeem'd by verse, the vanish'd fair
 Breath'd in a flow'r, or sparkled in a star.
 Bright as the stars, and fragrant as the flow'rs
 Where Spring resides in soft Elysian bow'rs,
 While these the bow'rs adorn, and they the sphere,
 Will Sacharissa's charms in song appear.
 Yet in the present age her radiant name
 Must take a dimmer interval of fame;
 When you to full meridian lustre rise,
 With Morton's shape and Gloriana's eyes,
 With Carlisle's wit, her gesture, and her mien,
 And, like seraphic Rich, with zeal serene;

In sweet assemblage all their graces join'd
 To language, mode, and manners more refin'd! 80
 That angel-frame, with chaste attraction gay,
 Mild as the dove-ey'd Morn awakes the May,
 Of noblest youths will reign the public care,
 Their joy, their wish, their wonder, and despair.
 Far-bearing thence what bright ideas flow! 85
 The sister-arts with sudden rapture glow;
 Her Titian tints the painter-nymph resumes,
 The canvass warm with roseate beauty blooms:
 Inspir'd with life by Sculpture's happy toil,
 The marble breathes, and softens with your smile;
 Proud to receive the form by Fate design'd 91
 The fairest model of the fairer kind.

But hear, O hear, the Muse's heav'nly voice!
 The waving woods and echoing vales rejoice:
 Attend, ye Gales! to Margaretta's praise; 95
 And all ye list'ning Loves record the lays!
 So Philomela charms th' Idalian grove,
 When Venus, in the glowing orb of Love,
 O'er ocean, earth, and air, extends her reign,
 The first, the brightest, of the starry train. 100

What fav'rite youth assign the Fates to rise
 In bridal pomp to lead the blooming prize?
 Whether his father's garter'd shield sustains
 Trophies achiev'd on Gallia's viny plains,
 Or smiling Peace a mingled wreath displays, 105
 The patriot's olive and the poet's bays,

Adorn, ye Fates! the fav'rite youth assign'd
 With each ennobling grace of form and mind:
 In merit make him great, as great in blood;
 Great without pride, and amiably good; 110
 His breast the guardian ark of heav'n-born law,
 To strike a faithless age with conscious awe:
 In choice of friends by manly reason sway'd;
 Not fear'd, but honour'd, and with love obey'd:
 In courts and camps, in council and retreat 115
 Wise; brave, and studious to support the state:
 With candour firm; without ambition bold;
 No deed discolour'd with the guilt of gold;
 That Heav'n may judge the choicest blessings due,
 And give the various good compris'd in you. 120

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ODES.

AN ODE TO THE SUN,

FOR THE NEW YEAR 1707.

Augur, et fulgente decorus arcu
Phœbus acceptusque novem camænis,
Qui salutari levat arte fessos
Corporis artus; —————
Alterum in lustrum meliusque semper
Præroget ævum.

HOR.

I.

BEGIN, celestial Source of light!

To gild the new-revolving sphere,

And from the pregnant womb of Night

Urge on to birth the infant year.

Rich with auspicious lustre rise,

5

Thou fairest regent of the skies!

Conspicuous with thy silver bow :

To thee, a god, 't was giv'n by Jove

To rule the radiant orbs above,

To Gloriana this below.

10

II.

With joy renew thy destin'd race,

And let the mighty months begin;

Let no ill omen cloud thy face ;

Thro' all thy circle smile serene.

G iij

While the stern ministers of Fate 15
 Watchful o'er pale Lutetia wait,
 To grieve the Gaul's perfidious head,
 The Hours, thy offspring, heav'nly fair!
 Their whitest wings should ever wear,
 And gentle joys on Albion shed. 20

III.

When Ilia bore the future fates of Rome,
 And the long honours of her race began,
 Thus, to prepare the graceful age to come,
 They from thy stores in happy order ran :
 Heroes, elected to the list of fame, 25
 Fix'd the sure columns of her rising state,
 Till the loud triumphs of the Julian name
 Render'd the glories of her reign complete ;
 Each year advanc'd a rival to the rest,
 In comely spoils of war and great achievements dress'd.

I.

Say, Phœbus! for thy searching eye 31
 Saw Rome, the darling child of Fate,
 When nothing equal here could vie
 In strength with her imperious state ;
 Say if high virtues there did reign 35
 Exalted in a nobler strain
 Than in fair Albion thou hast seen?
 Or can her demi-gods compare
 Their trophies for successful war
 To those that rise for Albion's Queen? 40

II.

When Albion first majestic shew'd
 High o'er the circling seas her head,
 Her the great Father smiling view'd,
 And thus to bright Victoria said:
 Mindful of Phlegra's happy plain,
 On which, fair Nymph! you fix'd my reign,
 This Isle to you shall sacred be;
 Her hand shall hold the rightful scale,
 And crowns be vanquish'd or prevail
 As Gloriana shall decree.

III.

Victoria, triumph in thy great increase!
 With joy the Julian stem the Tiber claims,
 Young Ammon's might the Granic waves confess;
 The Heber had a Mars, a Churchill Thames;
 Roll sov'reign of the streams thy rapid tide,
 And bid thy brother floods revere the Queen
 Whose voice the hero's happy hand employ'd
 To save the Danube and subdue the Seine;
 And, boldly just to Gloriana's fame,
 Exalt thy silver urn, and duteous homage claim.

I.

Advanc'd to thy meridian height,
 On earth, great god of Day! look down;
 Let Windsor entertain thy sight,
 Clad in fair emblems of renown;
 Of thy reign here the best, the brightest day above

And whilst in radiant pomp appear 65
 The names to bright Victoria dear,
 Intent the long procession view;
 Confess none worthier ever wore
 Her favours, or was deck'd with more
 Than she confers on Churchill's brow. 70

II.
 But, oh! withdraw thy piercing rays;
 The nymph anew begins to moan,
 Viewing the much-lamented space
 Where late her warlike William shone:
 There, fix'd by her officious hand, 75
 His sword and sceptre of command
 To deathless fame adopted rest;
 Nor wants there to complete her woe,
 Plac'd with respectful love below,
 The star that beam'd on Glou'ster's breast. 80

III.
 O Phœbus! all thy saving pow'r employ;
 Long let our vows avert the destin'd woe,
 Ere Gloriana reascends the sky,
 And leaves a land of orphans here below!
 But when (so Heav'n ordains) her smiling ray 85
 Distinguish'd o'er the Balance shall preside,
 Whilst future kings her ancient sceptre sway,
 May her mild influence all their councils guide;
 To Albion ever constant in her love,
 Of sov'reigns here the best, the brightest star above.

For lawless power, reclaim'd to right,
 And virtue rais'd by pious arms,
 Let Albion be thy fair delight,
 And shield her safe from threaten'd harms:
 With flow'rs and fruit her bosom fill,
 Let laurel rise on ev'ry hill

Fresh as the first on Daphne's brow:
 Instruct her tuneful sons to sing,
 And make each vale with pæans ring,
 To Blenheim and Ramillia due.

II.

Secure of bright eternal fame,
 With happy wing the Theban swan,
 Tow'ring from Pifa's sacred stream,
 Inspir'd by thee the song began:
 Thro' deserts of unclouded light,
 When he harmonious took his flight,
 The gods constrain'd the sounding spheres;
 Still Envy darts her rage in vain,
 The lustre of his worth to stain,
 He growing whiter with his years.

III.

But, Phœbus! god of numbers, high to raise
 The honours of thy art and heav'nly lyre,
 What Muse is destin'd to our Sov'reign's praise,
 Worthy her acts and thy informing fire?

To him for whom this springing laurel grows 113
 Eternal on the topmost heights of fame
 Be kind, and all thy Helicon disclose;
 And, all intent on Gloriana's name,
 Let silence brood o'er ocean, earth, and air,
 As when to victor Jove thou sung'st the Giants' war.

In sure records each shining deed 121
 When faithful Clio sets to view,
 Posterity will doubting read,
 And scarce believe her annals true.
 The Muses toil, with art, to raise 125
 Fictitious monuments of praise
 When other actions they rehearse;
 But half of Gloriana's reign,
 That so the rest may credit gain,
 Should pass unregistr'd in verse. 130

High on its own establish'd base 131
 Prevailing virtue's pleas'd to rise,
 Divinely deck'd with native grace,
 Rich in itself with solid joys;
 Ere Gloriana on the throne, 135
 Quitting for Albion's rest her own,
 In types of regal pow'r was seen,
 With fair pre-eminence confess'd
 It triumph'd in a private breast,
 And made the princess more than queen. 140

III.
O Phœbus! would thy godhead not refuse
This humble incense on thy altar laid;
Would thy propitious ear attend the Muse
That suppliant now invokes thy certain aid;
With Mantuan force I'd mount a stronger gale; 149
And sing the parent of her land, who strove
To exceed the transports of her people's zeal
With acts of mercy and majestic love;
By Fate, to fix Britannia's empire, given
The guardian pow'r of earth, and public care of
Heav'n. 150

I.
Then, Churchill! should the Muse record
The conquests by thy sword achiev'd,
Quiet to Belgian states restor'd,
And Austrian crowns by thee retriev'd.
Imperious Leopold confess'd 155
His hoary Majesty distress'd;
To arms, to arms, Bavaria calls,
Nor with less terror shook his throne
Than when the rising Crescent shone
Malignant o'er his shatter'd walls. 160

II.
The warrior led the Britons forth
On foreign fields to dare their fate,
Distinguish'd souls of shining worth
In war unknowing to retreat:

Thou, Phœbus! saw'st the hero's face, 165
 When Mars had breath'd a purple grace,
 And mighty fury fill'd his breast:
 How like thyself, when to destroy
 The Greeks thou didst thy darts employ,
 Fierce with thy golden quiver drest! 170

Sudden, whilst, banish'd from his native land,
 Red with dishonest wounds, Bavaria mourn'd,
 The chief, at Gloriana's high command,
 Like a rous'd lion to the Maes return'd;
 With vengeful speed the British sword he drew, 175
 Unus'd to grieve his host with long delay,
 Whilst, wing'd with fear, the force of Gallia flew;
 As when the morning-star restores the day
 The wand'ring ghosts of twenty thousand slain
 Fleet fullen to the shades from Blenheim's mournful

plain. 180
 Britannia! wipe thy dusty brow,
 And put the Bourbon laurels on;
 To thee deliver'd nations bow,
 And bless the spoils thy wars have won: 185
 For thee Bellona points her spear,
 And whilst lamenting mothers fear,
 On high her signal torch displays;
 But when thy sword is sheath'd, again
 Obsequious she receives thy chain,
 And smooths her violence of face. 190

Parent of arms! for ever stand
 With large increase of fame rever'd,
 Whilst arches to thy saving hand
 On Danube's grateful banks are rear'd.
 Eugene, inspir'd to war by thee,
 Ausonia's weeping states to free,
 Swift on th' imperial Eagle flies,
 Whilst, bleeding, from his azure bed
 Th' asserted Iber lifts his head,
 And safe his Austrian lord enjoys.
 III.
 Iō, Britannia! fix'd on foreign wars,
 Guiltless of civil rage, extend thy name;
 The waves of utmost ocean, and the stars,
 Are bounds but equal to thy Sov'reign's fame.
 With deeper wrath thy victor Lion roars,
 Wide o'er the subject world diffusing fear,
 Whilst Gallia weeps her guilt, and peace implores:
 So earth, transfix'd by fierce Minerva's spear,
 A gentler birth obedient did disclose,
 And sudden from the wound eternal olives rose.
 I.
 When, with establish'd freedom blest'd,
 The globe to great Alcides bow'd,
 Whose happy pow'r reliev'd th' oppress'd
 From lawless chains, and check'd the proud,

Mature in fame, the grateful gods 215
 Receiv'd him to their bright abodes,
 Where Hebe crown'd his blooming joys;
 Garlands the willing Muses wove,
 And each, with emulation, strove
 To adorn the Churchill of the skies: 220

For Albion's chief, ye sacred Nine!
 Your harps with gen'rous ardour string,
 With Fame's immortal trumpet join,
 And safe beneath his laurel sing:
 When clad in vines the Seine shall glide, 225
 And duteous in a smoother tide
 To British seas her tribute yield;
 Wakeful at Honour's shrine attend,
 And long with living beams defend
 From night the warrior's votive shield: 230

And, Woodstock! let his dome exalt thy fame;
 Great o'er thy Norman ruins be restor'd:
 Thou that with pride dost Edward's * cradle claim,
 Receive an equal hero for thy lord:
 Whilst ev'ry column, to record their toils, 235
 Eternal monuments of conquest wears,
 And all thy walls are dress'd with mingled spoils,
 Gather'd on fam'd Ramillia and Poitiers,
 High on thy tow'r the grateful flag display,
 Due to thy Queen's reward and Blenheim's glorious

* The Black Prince.

AN ODE

WHAT art thou, Life! whose stay we court?
What is thy rival Death, we fear?
Since we're but fickle Fortune's sport,
Why should we wish to inhabit here,
And think the race we find so rough too short?

While in the womb we forming lie,
While yet the lamp of life displays
A doubtful dawn with feeble rays,
New issuing from Non-entity,
The shell of flesh pollutes with sin
Its gem, the soul, just enter'd in;
And, by transmitted vice defil'd,
The fiend commences with the child.

In this dark region future fates are bred,
And mines of secret ruin laid.
Hot fevers here long kindling lie,
Prepar'd with flaming whips to rage,
And lash on ling'ring destiny,
Whene'er excess has fir'd our riper age.
Here brood, in infancy, the gout and stone,
Fruits of our fathers' follies, not our own.

Hij

Ev'n with our nourishment we death receive;
 For here our guiltless mothers give
 Poison for food when first we live. }
 Hence noisome humours * sweat thro' ev'ry pore, 25
 And blot us with an undistinguifh'd gore: THE TARTAN
 Nor, mov'd with beauty, will the dire disease
 Forbear on faultless forms to seize;
 But vindicates the good, the gay,
 The wise, the young, its common prey, 30
 Had all, conjoin'd in one, had pow'r to save,
 The Muses had not wept o'er Blandford's grave.
 IV. While yet the lamp of life
 The spark of pure, ethereal light
 That actuates this fleeting frame,
 Darts thro' the cloud of flesh's sickly flame, 33
 And seems a glow-worm in a winter-night;
 But man would yet look wondrous wise;
 And equal chains of thought devise;
 Intends his mind on mighty schemes,
 Refutes, defies, confirms, declaims; 40
 And diagrams he draws, t' explain
 The learn'd chimeras of his brain;
 And, with imaginary wisdom proud
 Thinks on the goddes, while he clips the cloud.
 V. When o'er the world's wide
 Thro' Error's mazy grove, with fruitless toil, 45
 Perplex'd with puzzling doubts, we roam;
 * The small-pox,

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False images our sight beguile,
 But still we stumble thro' the gloom,
 And Science seek, which still deludes the mind.
 Yet, more enamour'd with the race,
 With disproportion'd speed we urge the chase:
 In vain! the various prey no bounds restrain;
 Fleeting, it only leaves, to increase our pain,
 A cold unsatisfying scent behind.

.IVI.

Yet, gracious God! presumptuous man,
 With random guesses, makes pretence
 To sound thy searchless providence,
 From which he first began:
 Like hooded hawks we blindly tow'r,
 And circumscribe, with fancy'd laws, thy pow'r.
 Thy will the rolling orbs obey;
 The moon, presiding o'er the sea,
 Governs the waves with equal sway:
 But man, perverse, and lawless still,
 Boldly runs counter to thy will;
 Thy patient thunder he defies,
 Lays down false principles, and moves
 By what his vicious choice approves,
 And when he's vainly wicked thinks he's wise.

.VII.

Return, return, too long missed!
 With filial fear adore thy God:
 Ere the vast deep of heav'n was spread,

Or body first in space abode,
 Glories ineffable adorn'd his head.
 Unnumber'd seraphs round the burning throne 75
 Sung to th' incomprehensible Three-One:
 Yet then his clemency did please
 With lower forms to augment his train,
 And made thee, wretched creature, Man!
 Probationer of happiness. 80

VIII.

On the vast ocean of his wonders here,
 We momentary bubbles ride,
 Till, crush'd by the tempestuous tide,
 Sunk in the parent flood we disappear:
 We, who so gawdy on the waters shone, 85
 Proud, like the show'ry bow, with beauties not our

IX. [own.]

But, at the signal giv'n, this earth and sea
 Shall set their sleeping vassals free,
 And the belov'd of God,
 The faithful and the just, 90
 Like Aaron's chosen rod,
 Tho' dry, shall blossom in the dust:
 Then, gladly bounding from their dark restraints,
 The skeletons shall brighten into saints,
 And, from mortality refin'd, shall rise 95
 To meet their Saviour coming in the skies:
 Instructed then by intuition, we
 Shall the vain efforts of our wisdom see:

Shall then impartially confess
 Our demonstration was but guess;
 That knowledge, which from human reason flows,
 Unless Religion guide its course,
 And Faith her steady mounds oppose,
 Is ignorance at best, and often worse.

AN ODE

TO THE RIGHT HON.

JOHN LORD GOWER.

WRITTEN IN THE SPRING 1716.

I.
 O'ER Winter's long inclement sway
 At length the lusty Spring prevails,
 And, swift to meet the smiling May,
 Is wafted by the western gales:
 Around him dance the rosy Hours,
 And, damasking the ground with flow'rs,
 With ambient sweets perfume the morn:
 With shadowy verdure flourish'd high,
 A sudden youth the groves enjoy,
 Where Philomela laments forlorn.

II.
 By her awak'd, the woodland choir
 To hail the coming god prepares,
 And tempts me to resume the lyre,
 Soft warbling to the vernal airs.

Yet once more, O ye Muses! deign
 For me, the meanest of your train,
 Unblam'd t' approach your blest'd retreat,
 Where Horace wantons at your spring,
 And Pindar sweeps a bolder string,
 Whose notes the Aonian hills repeat. 20

III.

Or if invok'd where Thames's fruitful tides
 Slow thro' the vale in silver volumes play,
 Now your own Phœbus o'er the month presides,
 Gives Love the night, and doubly gilds the day:
 Thither, indulgent to my pray'r, 25
 Ye bright harmonious Nymphs! repair,
 To swell the notes I feebly raise;
 So, with inspiring ardours warm'd,
 May Gower's propitious ear be charm'd
 To listen to my lays. 30

I.

Beneath the pole, on hills of snow,
 Like Thracian Mars, th'undaunted Swede
 To dint of sword defies the foe,
 In fight unknowing to recede:
 From Volga's banks th' imperious Czar 35
 Leads forth his furry troops to war,
 Fond of the softer southern sky:
 The Soldan galls th' Illyrian coast,
 But soon the miscreant moony host
 Before the victor-cross shall fly. 40

But here no clarion's shrilling note
The Muse's green retreat can pierce;
The grove from noisy camps remote,
Is only vocal with my verse:
Here, wing'd with innocence and joy,
Let the soft hours that o'er me fly

Drop freedom, health, and gay desires;
While the bright Seine, to exalt the soul,
With sparkling plenty crowns the bow,
And wit and social mirth inspires.

Enamour'd of the Seine, celestial fair!
(The blooming pride of Thetis' azure train)
Bacchus, to win the nymph who caus'd his care,
Lash'd his swift tigers to the Celtic plain;
There secret in her sapphire cell
He with the Nais wont to dwell,

Leaving the nectar'd feasts of Jove;
And where her mazy waters flow,
He gave the mantling vine to grow,
A trophy to his love.

Shall man from Nature's sanction stray,
With blind Opinion for his guide,
And, rebel to her rightful sway,
Leave all her bounties unenjoy'd?

Fool! time no change of mition knows; 65
 With equal speed the torrent flows;
 To sweep fame; pow'r, and wealth away:
 The past is all by death possess'd;
 And frugal Fate, that guards the rest;
 By giving, bids him live to-day. 70

O Gower! thro' all that destin'd space
 What breath the pow'rs allot to me
 Shall sing the virtues of thy race,
 United and complete in thee.
 O flow'r of ancient English faith! 75
 Pursue th' unbeaten patriot path
 In which, confirm'd, thy father shone;
 The light his fair example gives
 Already from thy dawn receives
 A lustre equal to its own. 80

Honour's bright dome, on lasting columns rear'd,
 Nor envy rusts, nor rolling years consume;
 Loud pæans echoing round the roof are hear'd,
 And clouds of incense all the void perfume.
 There Phocion, Lælius, Capel, Hyde, 85
 With Falkland seated near his side,
 Fix'd by the Muse the temple grace;
 Prophetic of thy happier fame
 She, to receive thy radiant name,
 Selects a whiter space. 90

TALES.

THE WIDOW'S WILE.

A TALE.

HAVE you not seen (to state the case)
Two wasps lie struggling in a glass?
By the rich flavour of Tokay
Allur'd, about the brim they play;
They light, they murmur, then begin
To lick, and so at length slip in:
Embracing close the couple lies,
Together dip, together rise;
You'd swear they love, and yet they strive
Which shall be sunk, and which survive.

Such feign'd amours and real hate
Attend the matrimonial state,
When sacred vows are bought and sold,
And hearts are ty'd with threads of gold.

A nymph there was, who 't is averr'd
By Fame) was born without a beard;
A certain sign, the learn'd declare,
That (guarded with uncommon care)
Her virtue might remain at ten
Impregnable to boys or men:
But from that era we'll proceed
To find her in a widow's weed;

Which all Love's chronicles agree

She wore just turn'd of twenty-three:

For an old sot she call'd her mate,

For jewels, pin-money, and plate.

The dame, possess'd of wealth and ease,

Had no more appetites to please:

That which provokes wild girls to wed,

Fie!—it ne'er enter'd in her head.

Yet some prolific planet smil'd,

And gave the pair a chopping child;

Entitled by the law to claim

Her husband's chattels and his name;

But was so like his mother!

The queen of Love, her Cupid he,

This matron fair for spouse deceas'd

Had sorrow'd sore a week at least,

And seem'd to grudge the worms that prey

Which had lain dead full many a day.

From plays and balls she now refrain'd,

To a dark room by custom chain'd;

And not a nial for love or gold;

But the dear hopes of two years old.

The maids, so long in prison pent,

Ask leave to air; she gives consent;

(For health is riches to the poor)

But Tom must stay to guard the door.

In reading Sherlock she'd employ

Her solitude, and tend the boy.

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To

When Madam sees the coast is clear,
 Her spirits mantle and career;
 Diffusing ardour thro' her mien,
 Pity they should condemn to spleen!
 But now by honour she's confin'd,
 Who flutter'd once as free as wind,
 And on a masquerading morn
 By fix securely could return;
 Having to seal him safe till nine
 With opium drugg'd her spouse's wine.
 This the gay world no worse would hold
 Than had she only chang'd his gold:
 The species answer'd all demands,
 And only pass'd thro' other hands.
 But honour now prescribes the law,
 The tyrant keeps her will in awe;
 For charity forbid to roam
 And not a chitterling at home.
 What! a large stomach and no meat!
 In pity, Love! provide a treat.
 Can widows feed on dreams and wishes,
 Like hags on visionary dishes?
 Impossible! thro' walls of stone
 Hunger will break to suck a bone.
 Want, oft' in times of old, we read,
 Made mothers on their infants feed,
 And now constrain'd this matron mild
 To grow hard-hearted to her child.

Her darling child she pinch'd; he squall'd;
 In haste the fav'rite footman's call'd 80
 To pacify the peevish chit,
 For who but he could do the feat?
 He, smarting sore, refus'd to play,
 But bade man Thomas beat Mamma!
 She, laughing, soon avow'd her flame 85
 By various signs that want a name.
 The lucky saw, with trembling joy,
 Gay humour dancing in her eye,
 And straight, with equal fury fir'd,
 Began th' attack. The dame retir'd; 90
 And haply falling as she fled,
 He beat her till she lay for dead;
 But (with new vigour for the strife)
 Soon, with a sigh, return'd to life.
 Think ye she 'd e'er forgive her son 95
 For what the naughty man had done?
 She did; yet, spited with his pain,
 He sounds th' alarm to charge again.
 But, 'squire, consult your potent ally
 Whether he's yet prepar'd to rally— 100
 Yes; blood is hot on either side;
 Another combat must be try'd.
 She knew the foe could do no more
 Than at the first attack she bore;
 So at his little malice smil'd,
 And cry'd, "Come on!—to please the child." 106

A TALE,

DEVISED IN THE PLEASAUNT MANERE OF
GENTIL MAISTER JEOFFREY CHAUCER.

WHYLOM in Kent there dwelt a clerke
Who wyth grete cheer and likil werke
Upswalen was with venere:
For meagre Lent ne recked he,
Ne saintes daies had in remembraunce;
Mo will had he to dalliaunce.
To serchen out a bellamie
He had a sharp and licorous eie;
But it wold bett abide a leke
Or onion than the sight of Greke;
Wherefore God yeve him shame; Boccace
Sery'd him for Bassil and Ignace,
His vermeil cheke, that shon wyth mirth,
Spake him the blithest priest on yearth:
At chyrch, to shew his lillied hond,
Full fetously he pranked his bond;
Sleke weren his flaxen locks ykempt,
And Isaac Wever was he nempt.

Thilke clerke, echaufed in the groyne,
For a yonge damosell did pyne;
Born in East-Cheape, who, by my fay,
Ypert was as a popinjay:
Ne wit ne wordes did he waunt,
Wele cond she many a romaunt;

Ore muscadine or spiced ale
 She carrolld foote as nightingale;
 And for the nonce couth rowle her cyne
 Withouten speche; a special signe
 She lack'd fomedele of what ech dame
 Holds dere as life, yet dreddesto name
 So was eftfoons by Isaac won
 To blisful consummation.

Here mought I now tellen the fater,
 Who yave the bryde, how bibb'd the ghestes;
 But withouten such gawdes I trow
 Myne legend is prolix ynow.
 Ryghte wele areeds Dan Prior's Song,
 A tale shold never be too long;
 And fikerly in feyre England
 None bett doeth taling understond.

She now, algates full sad to change
 The citee for her husband's graung;
 To Kent mote; for she wele did knowe
 'Twas vaine ayenst the streame to rowe.
 So wend they on one sted yfere,
 Ech cleping toder life and dere;
 Heven shilde hem fro myne Bromley hob,
 Or many a groat they meel well cost.

Deem next ye Maistress Wever fene
 Yclad in fable bombasine;
 The Frankeleins wyves accost her blythe
 Curteis to guilen hem of tythe;

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And yeve honour parochiall
 In pew, and eke at festivall.
 Worship and wealth her husband hath;
 Ne poor in aught, save werks and faith:
 Kepes bull, bore, stallion, to dispence;
 Large pennorths of benevolence.
 His berne ycrammed was, and store
 Of poultrie cackled at the dore;
 His wyf grete joie to fede hem toke,
 And was astonied at the cocke;
 That, in his portaunce debonair,
 On everich henn bestow'd a share
 Of plesaunce, yet no genitours
 She saw, to thrill his paramours:
 Offsithes she woked mus'd theron,
 Yet nist she howgates it was don.

One night, ere they to slepe went,
 Her Isaac in her arms she hent,
 As was her usage; and did saie,
 Of charite I mote thee praie,
 To techen myne unconnyng wit
 One thing it comprehendeth niet;
 And maie the foul fiend harrow thee,
 If in myne quest thou falsen me!
 Our chaunticlere loves everich henn;
 Ne fewer kepes our yerd than ten,
 Yet romps he ore beth grete and small;
 Ne ken I what he swinks wythall:

But on ech leg a wepon is,
Yperfent and full starke I wys;
Doth he with hem at pèrdote play?
In sooth theres werk enough for tway.

Qd. Isaac, Certes by Sainct Ponle,
Myne lief thou art a simple soule;
Foules fro the egle to the wren
Bin harness'd othergise than men
For the males engins of delite
Ferre in theyr entrails are empight;
Els, par mischaunce, theyr merriment
Emong the breers mought fore be shent.
Thus woxen hote, they much avaunce
Love of venereal jouisaunce;
And in one month, the trowth to sayne,
Swink mo than manhode in yeres twayne.

O Benedicite! qd. she,
If keepyng hote so kindlych be,
Hie in thyne boweles truss thyne gere,
And eke the skrippe that daungleth here.

Ne dame, he answerd, note that bene;
For as I hope to be a dene,
Thilke Falstaffe-bellie rownd and big,
Was built for corny ale and pig;
Ne in it is a chink for these,
Ne for a wheat-straw and tway pease.

Pardie, qd. she, fyth theres nat room,
Sette Nykin! chafe hem in myne woom.

THE FAIR NUN.

A TALE.

Ire per ignes,
Et gladios ausim. Neque ad hoc tamen igitur ullis,
Aut gladiis opus est; opus est mihi crux.

VID. MET.

WE sage Cartesians, who profess
Ourselves sworn foes to emptiness,
Assert that souls a-tiptoe stand,
On what we call the Pineal Gland;
As weathercocks on spires are plac'd,
To turn the quicker with each blast.

This granted, can you think it strange
We all should be so prone to change;
Ev'n from the go-cart till we wear
A satin cap i' th' elbow chair?
The follies that the child began
Custom makes current in the man,
And firm by livery and seisin
Holds the fee-simple of his reason.

But still the gusts of love we find
Blow strongest on a woman's mind;
Nor need I learnedly pursue
The latent cause, th' effect is true;
For proof of which, in manner ample,
I mean to give you one example.

Upon a time (for so my nurse,
 Heav'n rest her bones! began discourse)
 A lovely nymph, and just nineteen,
 Began to languish with the spleen:
 She who had shone at balls and play, 25
 In gold brocade extremely gay,
 All on a sudden grew precise,
 Declaim'd against the growth of vice,
 A very prude in half a year, 30
 And most believ'd she was sincere:
 Necklace of pearl no more she wears,
 That's sanctify'd to count her pray'rs:
 Venus, and all her naked Loves,
 The reformato nymph removes;
 And Magdalen, with saints and martyrs, 35
 Was plac'd in their respective quarters.
 Nor yet content, she could not bear
 The rankness of the public air,
 'Twas so infected with the vice
 Of luscious songs and lovers' sighs; 40
 So most devoutly would be gone,
 And straight profess herself a Nun.
 A youth of breeding and address,
 And call him Thyrsis if you please,
 Who had some wealth to recompense 45
 His slender dividend of sense,
 Yet could with little thought and care
 Write tender things to please the fair,

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And then successively did grow
 From a half-wit a finish'd beau;
 (For fops thus naturally rise,
 As maggots turn to butterflies)
 This spark, as story tells, before
 Had held with Madam an amour,
 Which he resolving to pursue,
 Exactly took the proper hue;
 And on the wings of Love he flies
 To Lady Abbess in disguise,
 And tells her he had brought th' advowson
 Of soul and body to dispose on
 Old Sanctity, who nothing fear'd
 In petticoats without a beard,
 Fond of a profelyte and foe,
 Admits the fox among the geese;
 Here duty, wealth, and honour, prove,
 Tho' three to one, too weak for Love;
 And to describe the war throughout
 Would make a glorious piece no doubt,
 Where moral virtues might be slain,
 And rise, and fight, and fall again;
 Love should a bloody myrtle wear,
 And, like Camilla, fierce and fair;
 The Nun should charge — But I forbear.
 All human joys, tho' sweet in tasting,
 Are seldom (more 's the pity!) lasting.

They both were freed, no matter how:

The nymph had qualms, her cheeks were pale;
 Which others thought th' effects of zeal:
 But she, poor she! began to doubt
 (Best knowing what she 'ad been about)
 The marriage earnest-penny lay
 And burnt her pocket, as we say.
 She now invokes, to ease her soul,
 The dagger and the poison'd bowl;
 And, self-condemn'd for breach of vow,
 To lose her life and honour too,
 Talk'd in as tragical a strain as
 Your craz'd Monimias and Roxanas.

But as she in her cell lay sighing,
 Distracted, weeping, drooping, dying,
 The fiend (who never wants address
 To succour damsels in distress)
 Appearing, told her he perceiv'd
 The fatal cause for which she griev'd,
 But promis'd her *en cavalier*
 She should be freed from all her fear,
 And with her Thyrsis lead a life
 Devoid of all domestic strife,
 If she would sign a certain scrawl—
 Aye, that she would, if that was all.
 She sign'd, and he engag'd to do
 Whate'er she pleas'd to fet him to.

The critics must excuse me now;
 They both were freed, no matter how:

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For when we epic writers use
 Machines to disengage the Muse,
 We're clean acquit of all demands,
 The matter 's left in abler hands;
 And if they cannot loose the knot
 Should we be censur'd? I think not.

The scene thus alter'd, both were gay;
 For pomp and pleasures who but they,
 Who might do ev'ry thing but pray?
 Madam in her gilt chariot flaunted,
 And Pug brought ev'ry thing she wanted;
 A slave devoted to her will;
 But women will be wav'ring still:
 Ev'n vice without variety
 Their squeamish appetites will cloy;
 And having stol'n from Lady Abbess
 One of our mettry modern Rabbies,
 She found a trick she thought would pass,
 And prove the devil but an ass.

His next attendance happen'd right
 Amidst a moonless stormy night,
 When Madam and her spouse together
 Guess'd at his coming by the weather.
 He came. "To night," says he, "I drudge
 "To fetch a heriot for a judge;
 "A gouty nine-i'-th'-hundred knave;
 "But, Madam, do you want your slave?"

"I need not presently be gone;

"Because the doctors have not done.

"A rosy vicar and a quack

"Repuls'd me in my last attack :

"But all in vain ; for mine he is ;

"A fig for both the faculties."

The dame produc'd a single hair,

But whence it came I cannot swear ;

Yet this I will affirm is true,

It curl'd like any bottle screw.

"Sir Nic," quoth she, "you know us all ;

"We ladies are fantastical ;

"You see this hair" — "Yes, Madam" — "Pray,

"In presence of my husband stay

"And make it straight, or else you grant

"Our solemn league and covenant

"Is void in law." — "It is, I own it ;"

And so he sets to work upon it.

He tries, not dreaming of a cheat,

If wetting would not do the feat ;

And 't was, in truth, a proper notion ;

But still it kept th' elastic motion.

Well ! more ways may be found than one

To kill a witch that will not drown :

"If I," quoth he, "conceive its nature,

"This hair has flourish'd nigh the water ;

"'Tis crisp'd with cold perhaps, and then

"The fire will make it straight again."

In haste he to the fire applies it,
And turns it round and round, and eyes it. 160

Heigh, jingo! worse than 't was before;

The more it warms it twirls the more.

He stamp'd his cloven foot, and chaf'd;

The husband and the lady laugh'd.

Howe'er, he fancy'd sure enough 165

He should not find it hammer-proof.

No Cyclops e'er at work was warmer

At forging thunderbolts or armour

Than Satan was; but all in vain;

Again he beats—it curls again! 170

At length he bellow'd in a rage,

"This hair will take me up an age."

"This take an age!" the husband swore, 175

"Z—ds! Betty has five hundred more."

"More! Take your bond," quoth Pug. "Adieu;

"'Tis loss of time to ply for you." 176

TRANSLATIONS, &c.

THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK,
IN MILTON'S STYLE.

_____ To th' Orphean lyre
He sung of Chaos and eternal Night;
Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to ascend,
Tho' hard and rare. _____

PARADISE LOST, B. III.

WHEN speeding sea-ward to the fleet we came
That anchor'd nigh the coast, we launch'd our ship
Into the sacred deep: the mast up-rear'd
Bore ev'ry sail expanded; whilst aboard
We stow'd devoted victims, and ascend
The vessel, inly griev'd, and silent showers
Fell from our drooping eyes. A friendly wind
Circe the fair, of human race divine,
Propitious sent; to ply the struggling oar
Small need remain'd, the fresh'ning gale suffic'd 10
Each belling canvass. On with speed we fare
Prosperous; and when the sun careering prone
Sunk to the western isles, and dewy shade
Sabled the pole, we, tilting o'er the waves

On ocean's utmost bound, approach the realms 25
 Unblest'd, where the Cimmerians darkling dwell,
 (A lamentable race!) of heav'nly light
 Unvisited, and the sun's glad some ray.
 Mooring the vessel on that dreary beach
 We take the destin'd sheep, and slow sojourn 20
 Along the marsh, till the fated place
 We found which Circe will'd we should explore.
 Eurylochus and Perimedes guard
 The holy offerings; I mean-time unsheath
 My falchion, and prepare t' intrench the ground
 A cubit square, and there oblations pour 26
 To reconcile the Shades; infusing milk,
 With honey temper'd sweet, and bowls of must
 Pure from the mellowest grape, with added store
 Of water, and with flow'r of wheat bestow 30
 The mix'd ingredients; to the feeble ghosts
 Then vow'd, if Heav'n to my dear native land
 Should favour my return, a barren cow
 Of stateliest growth, and to th' oraculous seer *
 A ram of sable fleece, the leading pride 35
 Of all my flocks. These solemn rites perform'd,
 And vows prefer'd, the destin'd sheep I slew;
 Forth gush'd the vital purple, and surcharg'd
 The hollow'd trench; when, lo! from the dun verge
 Of Erebus the ghosts promiscuous troop 40
 Unnumber'd, youths and maidens immature

* Tircias.

Kij

Cropt in their spring, who, wand'ring pensive, wail'd
 The shortness of their date : trembling, and hoar
 With age, some slowly pace ; others, more fierce,
 Array'd in arms, ensanguin'd o'er with wounds 45
 Receiv'd in battle, clamorous approach
 To drink the reeking gore. Shudd'ring and pale
 I stood astounded, but with quick dispatch
 Bade burn the sacrifice, a grateful steam
 To Proserpine, who there with Dis divides 50
 The regency of night : sudden I wav'd
 My glitt'ring falchion, from the sanguine pool
 Driving th' unbody'd host that round me swarm'd,
 Nor deign'd to let them sip, before I saw
 Th' oraculous seer. Foremost of all the crowd 55
 Elpenor came, whose unregarded corse
 We left behind in Circe's sumptuous dome,
 Unwept, unbury'd, eager to pursue
 Our voyage. Strait to tender pity mov'd,
 With words dissolv'd in tears, I cry'd ; " Relate, 60
 " Elpenor, how these rueful shades you reach'd
 " Sooner than I full-sail'd." He thus reply'd,
 In accents of much dolour ; " Me, O King !
 " The minister of adverse Fate malign'd,
 " Unweeting of mishap, and wrought me doom, 65
 " Drench'd with excess of wine : prone from the top
 " Of Circe's tower I fell, and the neck-bones
 " Disjointing dy'd. But to your pious care
 " Suppliant, I beg by those endearing names
 " Of parent, wife, and son, (tho' distant, dear 70

"To your remembrance) when you re-ascend
 "To Circe's blissful isle, to my remains
 "Discharge funereal rites; nor let me lie
 "Unwept, unbury'd there, lest Heav'n avenge
 "The dire neglect. While the devouring flames 75
 "Consume my earthy, on the flagrant pile
 "My armour cast complete; then raise a tomb
 "For my memorial on the foamy strand,
 "And on it place that oar which erst I ply'd
 "With my associates." Pensive I rejoin, 80
 "Poor Shade! I'll pay the decent rites you crave."

While with the friendly phantom I maintain'd
 Such melancholy parley, with brandish'd steel
 Guarding the geary pool, I thro' th' obscure
 My mother * view'd: her lineage she deriv'd 85
 From Maia's wingy son, and ceas'd to breathe
 This vital air since I my legions led
 To war on Ilium. From my pitying eyes
 Abundant sorrow stream'd; but tho' regret
 Wither'd my resolution, from the pool 90
 I made the dear maternal form recede,
 Till I should learn from the grave Theban seer
 The sum of fate. The sage at length advanc'd,
 Bearing a golden sceptre, and began:

"Son of Laertes! what misfortunes dire 95
 "Compel your progress from th' all-cheering sun,
 "And heav'nly azure, in this seat of woe

* Anticlea.

" To roam among the dead? but from the pool
 " Withdraw, and sheath your falchion, while I taste
 " That bloody beverage, then the Fate's decree 100
 " Instant I'll utter." Sudden I withdrew,
 Sheathing my falchion whilst he drank the gore;
 Then thus the seer pronounc'd the Fates' decree.

" What means may best besit your wish'd return,
 " Illustrious Greek! you'd know. The sov'reign pow'r
 " Whose strong earth-shaking mace the floods reverse,
 " Insidious waits a time to wreak revenge 107
 " For Polypheme his son, whose visual orb
 " You late eclips'd with ever-during shade.
 " Howe'er you safe may voyage, and avoid 110
 " Disasters various, if your mates refrain
 " From sacrilegious spoil, when safe they tread
 " Trinacria's herby soil; for there the flocks
 " And herds of Phœbus o'er the verd'rous lawn 114
 " Browse fatt'ning pasturè, (he, the world's great
 " Views all below his orient beam, nor ought [eye,
 " Can shun his wakeful ear) with evil hand
 " If them they seize, unerring I foretell
 " An hideous wreck. Unequal to the storm
 " Your ship, deep in the nether waves engulf'd, 120
 " Shall perish with her crew: you shall regain
 " The dry without surviving friend to cheer
 " Your pilgrim steps; however late and hard,
 " You shall revisit your lov'd natal shore,
 " Transported in a vessel not your own. 125

" Much of domestic damage and misrule
 " Will sadden your return; for in your court
 " Suitors voluptuous swarm, with am'rous wiles
 " Studious to win your consort, and seduce
 " Her from chaste fealty to joys impure, 130
 " In bridal pomp; vain efforts! but they soon
 " By stratagem, or your puissant arm,
 " To ruin are fore-doom'd. Then to a race
 " Remote from ocean, who with favoury salt
 " Ne'er season their repast, nor vessel view'd 135
 " Furrowing the foamy flood with painted prow,
 " And all her tackle trim, with speed repair
 " Carrying a taper oar: way-faring thus,
 " One journeying obvious will misname that oar
 " A corn van; fix it there, and victims slay 140
 " To Neptune rev'rent; from the fleecy fold
 " A ram select, and from the beeves and swine
 " The choicest male entire of either herd:
 " Thence homeward haste, and hecatombs prepare
 " For the bright order of the gods, who reign 145
 " Spher'd in empyreal splendours. White with years,
 " The balm of life evaporating flow,
 " At length, when Neptune points the dart of death*,
 " Without a pang you'll die, and leave your land
 " With fair abundance blest'd. In these fix'd laws
 " Of Fate repose affiance, and beware." 151

I thus reply'd: " In this authentic will

* He was killed with the bone of a sea-turtle.

" Of Fate, O Seer ! I acquiesce ; but, lo !
 " Pensive, and silent, by the goary pool
 " Abides my mother's shade, nor me vouchsafes 153
 " Language or look benign ; oh ! tell me how
 " She here may recognize me." He rejoin'd ;
 " Whatever ghost by your permission slips
 " That sacred purple, will to all your quest
 " Without deceit reply ; the rest withdraw 160
 " At your stern interdiction." This said, the seer
 To the high capital of Dis retir'd :
 Mean-time I firm abode, till the dear shade
 Had sipp'd the sacred purple, then her son
 Instant she knew, and wailing thus began : 165
 " My Son ! how reach'd you these Tartarean bounds,
 " Corporeal ? Many a river interfus'd,
 " And gulfs unvoyageable, from access
 " Debar each living wight ; besides th' expanse
 " Of ocean wide to sail. Are you from Troy 170
 " With your associate peers but now return'd,
 " Erroneous from your wife and kingdom still ?"
 I thus : " By strong necessity constrain'd,
 " Down to these nether realms I have presum'd,
 " An earthly guest, to hear my doom disclos'd 175
 " By sage Tiresias ; for since I led
 " Auxiliar bands, with Agamemnon leagu'd
 " To war on Ilium, traversing the main
 " Thro' various perils, I have voyag'd far
 " Estrang'd from Greece. But say by what disease,

- " By slow consumption, thro' the gates of Death 181
 " Prone did you pass? or by Diana's dart
 " Transfix'd, a sudden fate? My hoary fire,
 " Survives he? Is my bloomy son possess'd
 " Of my domain? or groans it now beneath 185
 " Usurping pow'rs, who lord it uncontroll'd,
 " Thoughtless of my return? My consort dear,
 " Abides she with my son, of all his rights
 " A guardian regent? or, no longer mine,
 " Hath she been won to plight connubial vows?" 190
 The venerable shade thus answer'd mild:
 " Still in your regal dome your spouse abides
 " Disconsolate, with ever-flowing eyes
 " Wailing your absence; and your son, possess'd
 " Of principality, with his compeers, 195
 " Bounteous of soul, free intercourse maintains
 " Of social love. Beneath a sylvan lodge,
 " Far from the cheerful steps of men, your fire
 " Lives inconsolable, on gorgeous beds,
 " With rich embroidery spread, and purple palls, 200
 " No more indulging sweet repose; but, clad
 " In coarse attire, couch'd with his village hinds,
 " On the warm hearth he sleeps when winter reigns
 " Inclement, till the circling months return
 " New-rob'd in flow'ring verdure; then the vines
 " High interwove a green pavilion form, 206
 " Where, pillow'd on the leaves, he mourns for you
 " Nocturnal, to th' unfriendly damp of age

" Adding corrosive anguish and despair.
 " So perish'd I with slow-consuming pine! 210
 " Me nor the silver-shafted goddess slew
 " Nor racking malady; but anxious love
 " Of my Ulysses on my vital prey'd,
 " And sunk my age with sorrow to the grave."
 She ceas'd: I thrice with filial fondness strove
 T' embrace the much-lov'd form; and thrice it fled,
 Delusive as a dream. Anew with grief
 Heart-chill'd I spake; " Why, Mother, will you fly
 " Your son's encircling arms? O here permit
 " My dateous love, and let our sorrows flow, 220
 " Mingling in one full stream! Or has the queen,
 " Whose frown the shades revere, to work me woe;
 " A guileful image form'd?" She thus replies:
 " Of all mankind, O most to grief inur'd!
 " Deem not that aught of guile by phantoms vain
 " Is here intended; but the essence pure 226
 " Of separate souls is of all living touch
 " Impassive: here no gross material frame
 " We wear, with flesh incumber'd, nerves, and bone;
 " They're calcin'd on the pile: but when we cease
 " To draw the breath of life, the soul on wing 231
 " Fleets like a dream, from elemental dross
 " Disparted and refin'd. Now to the realms
 " Illumin'd with the sun's enliv'ning beam,
 " Hence journeying upward, to your comfort dear
 " Disclose the secrets of our state below." 236

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Thus we alternate, till a beauteous train
 Of nobles near advance their steps, enlarg'd
 By radiant Proserpine, daughters and wives
 To kings and heroes old : the goary pool
 The fair assembly thick surround, to sip
 The tasteful liquid : I the fates of each
 Desirous to hear storied, wave my sword
 In airy circles, while they singly fate
 Their appetites; then curious ask of each
 Her ancestry, which all in order told.
 Tyro first audience claim'd, the daughter fair
 Of great Salmonus; she with Cretheus shar'd
 Connubial love, but long in virgin bloom
 Enamour'd of Enipeus, inly pin'd;
 Enipeus, swift from whose reclining urn
 Rolls a delicious flood. His lovely form
 Neptune assum'd, and the bright nymph beguil'd,
 Wand'ring, love-pensive, near his amber stream;
 Them plunging in the slopy flood receiv'd
 Redounding; and to screen his am'rous theft,
 On either side the parted waves up-rear'd
 A crystal mound. Potent of rapt'rous joy,
 And fated, thus he spake : " Hail, royal fair!
 " Thy womb shall teem with twins, (a god's embrace
 " Is ever fruitful) and those pledges dear
 " Of our sweet casual bliss nurture and tend
 " With a fond mother's care : hence homeward speed,
 " And from all human ken our am'rous act

"Conceal: so Neptune bids thee now farewell." 265
 He ceas'd, and diving, sudden was ingulf'd
 Deep in the gurgling eddy. Two fair sons
 Th' appointed months discharg'd, by supreme Jove
 Both scepter'd: Pelias first his empire wide
 Stretch'd o'er Iolcos, whose irriguous vales 270
 His gazing folds o'erfleec'd; her younger birth,
 Neleus, was honour'd thro' the sandy realm
 Of Pylus. She by Cretheus then espous'd,
 A fair increase, Æson and Pheres, bore,
 And great Amythaon, who with fiery steeds, 275
 Oft' disarray'd the foes in battle rang'd.

The daughter of Asopus next I view'd,
 Antiope, boastful that she, by Jove
 Impregnate, had the fam'd Amphion born,
 And Zethus, founders of imperial Thebes, 280
 Stately with seven large gates, and bulwark'd strong
 Against invading pow'rs. Alcmena fair,
 Amphitryon's consort, then advanc'd to view,
 To heav'n's supreme who bore Alcides, bold
 And lion-hearted. Next that lovely shade 285
 Stood Megara, of Creon's royal race,
 By great Alcides spous'd. To her succeeds
 The sheeny form of Epicaste, woo'd
 By Oedipus her son, to whom she deign'd
 Spousal embraces, thoughtless of misdeed; 290
 He having too (ill-starr'd!) destroy'd his sire,
 His lineage with incestuous mixture soil'd,

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Blinded by Destiny; but the just gods
 Disclos'd th' unnatural scene. In Thebes he sway'd;
 With various ills by Heav'n's afflictive rod
 Discomfited; but she thro' fell despair
 Self-strangled, from the stings of mortal life
 Fled to the shades, and her surviving son
 With delegated furies fierce pursu'd.

An amiable image next appear'd,
 Bright Chloris, of Amphion's lousy stem
 The youngest bud: in sweet attractive pomp
 On her the Graces ever-waiting smit
 The heart of Neleus, whom the Pylian tribes
 Homag'd with fealty: from their wedded love
 Sprung Nestor, Chromius, and the boastful pow'r
 Of Periclymenus, besides a nymph;
 Pero, of form divine: her virgin vows
 By many a prince were sought, but Neleus deign'd
 To none her had but him whose prowess'd arm
 Should force from Phylace a furious herd
 Of wild Thessalian bees, t' avenge the dow'r
 Which Iphichus detain'd. This bold emprise
 A feer accepted; but, in combat foil'd,
 In thrall for twelve revolving moons he lay
 Deep in a dungeon close immur'd, till found
 Divine of Fate, by solving problems quaint
 Which Iphichus propos'd, who straight dismiss'd
 The captive; so was Jove's high will complete.

Then Leda, spous'd by Tyndarus, I saw,

Mother of the fam'd Twins; Castor, expert
To tame the steed, and Pollux, far renown'd
On list'd fields for conflict; who from Jove
Receiv'd a grateful boon like gods to live,
Mounting alternate to this upper orb. 335

Next Iphimedia glides in view, the wife
Of great Alœus, who in love compress'd
By Neptune, bore (so she the fact avow'd)
Otus and Ephialtes, whom the Fates
Cut short in early prime: their infant years 330
Nurtur'd by earth, enormous both attain'd
Gigantic stature, and for manly grace
Were next Orion rank'd; for in the course
Of nine swift circling years nine cubits broad
Their shoulders measur'd, and nine ells their height.
Improvident of soul, they vainly dar'd 336
The gods to war, and on Olympus hoar
Rear'd Ossa, and on Ossa Pelion pil'd,
Torn from the base with all its woods; by scale
T' assault heav'n's battlements; and had their date
To manhood been prolong'd had sure achiev'd 341
Their ruinous aim; but by the silver dart
Of Phœbus sheer transfix'd, ere springing down
Shaded their rosy youth, they both expir'd.

Ill-fated Phædra then with Procris came, 345
And Ariadne, who them both surpass'd
In goddess-like demeanor: from her fire
Minos, the rigid arbiter of right,

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Theseus of old convey'd her, with intent
 At Athens, link'd in love, with her to reign: 350
 But stern Diana, by the guileful plea
 Of Bacchus won, dissever'd soon their joys,
 And caus'd the lovely nymph to fall forlorn
 In Dia, with circumfluous seas ingirt,
 Of nuptial rights defrauded. Next advance 355
 Mæra and Clymenè, a beauteous pair;
 And Eriphyle, whose once radiant charms
 A cloud of sorrow dimm'd; for she, devoid
 Of duteous love, for gold betray'd her lord.—

Here let me cease narration, nor relate 360
 What other objects fair, daughters and wives
 Of heroes old, I saw; for now the night
 In clouded majesty has journey'd far,
 Admonishing to rest; which with my mates,
 Or here with you, my wearied nature craves; 365
 Mean-time affianc'd in the gods and you
 To speed my voyage to my native realm.

He ceas'd: a while th' attentive audience sat
 In silent rapture; his persuasive tongue,
 Mellifluous, so with eloquence had charm'd 370
 Their still infatiate ears: at length thus spake
 The queen Arete, graceful and humane.

"Think ye, Phæacians! that the godlike form,
 "The port, the wisdom, of this wand'rer, claim
 "Aught of regard? Peculiar him my guest 375
 "I style; but since the honour he vouchsafes

" Delighted ye partake, give not too soon
 " Him signal of departure, but prepare,
 " With no penurious hand, proportion'd gifts,
 " Vying in bounteous deeds, since Heav'n hath
 show'r'd

" Your peerage with abundant favours boon."
 Up rose Echemus then, whose wavy locks,
 Silver'd with age, adorn'd his rev'rend brow,
 Fraught with maturest counsel, and began
 Addressing his compeers: " Rightful and wise

" The queen's proposal is; let none demur
 " Obedience to her will: Alcinous best
 " By fair ensample may prescribe the rule."

Alcinous from his bed of state reply'd,
 With aspect bland: " While here I live enthron'd,
 " Jove's delegate of empire, and this hand

" Sways the Phæacian sceptre, will be cheer
 " Th' erroneous and afflicted with meet acts
 " Of regal bounty; but our princely guest

" Must, tho' impatient, for a time defer
 " His voyage, that with due munificence
 " Our gifts may be prepar'd. Let all accord

" Benevolent, and free to furnish stores
 " Worthy acceptance; me you shall confess
 " The first in bounty as the first in pow'r."

He ended, and Ulysses answer'd blithe:
 " O thou! by kingly virtues justly rais'd
 " To this imperial eminence; by thee

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" Were I detain'd till the revolving sun
 " Completes his annual circle, in thy will 405
 " I acquiesce obedient, till meet stores
 " For my return be rais'd; then at my realm
 " With royal largesses arriving grac'd,
 " And gay retinue, straight the wond'ring Greeks 409
 " Will dear respect and prompter homage yield."

To whom Alcinous: " Your distinguish'd worth
 " Too plain is character'd in all your port
 " To doubt you of those vagrant clans who roam
 " Fallacious, and with copious legend take
 " The credulous ear; you, with severest truth 415
 " Rob'd in rich eloquence, instruct and please:
 " When (like some bard, vers'd in heroic theme
 " Attemper'd to the lyre) you sweetly tell
 " What'er in Grecian story was of old
 " Recorded eminent, or when you speak 420
 " Your own disastrous fate. But now proceed;
 " Say affable, if while you low sojourn'd
 " In gross Tartarean gloom, the mighty shades
 " Of those brave warring Greeks appear'd who fell
 " By doom of battle; for the ling'ring night 425
 " Hath yet much space to measure, and the hour
 " Of sleep is far to come: I can attend,
 " With ravishment, to hear the pleasing tale,
 " Fruitful of wonders, till the roseate Morn
 " Purples the east." Ulysses thus reply'd: 430

" Due time, O King! for converse and repose

" Is still remaining; nor will I refuse,
 " With coy denial, what the sacred ear
 " Of Majesty with audience deigns to grace.
 " Hear next how my associate warriors fell, 435
 " O'erwhelm'd with huge afflictions, and oppress'd
 " In their own realms by feminine deceit,
 " To them more fatal than the prowess'd foe.
 " When, by imperious Proserpine recall'd,
 " The lady-train dispers'd, the pensive form 440
 " Of Agamemnon came, with those begirt
 " Whom, in one common fate involv'd, of life
 " Ægysthus had bereav'd. Sipping the gore,
 " He recogniz'd me instant, and outstretch'd
 " His unsubstantial arms, exhausted now 445
 " Of all their vital vigour; with shrill plaints
 " Piercing the doleful region far: mine eyes,
 " Sore wounded with the piteous object dear,
 " Effus'd a flood of tears, while thus I spake:
 " O king of Hosts! O ever-honour'd son 450
 " Of Atreus! say to what severe decree
 " Of destiny you bow'd. By Neptune's wrath
 " Tempesting th' ocean, did you there expire,
 " Whelm'd in the wat'ry abyss? or fell you arm'd,
 " Making fierce inroad on some hostile coast, 455
 " To ravage herds and flocks? or in assault
 " Of some imperial fortress, thence to win
 " Rich spoils and beauteous captives, were you slain,
 " Defeated of your seizure?" He replied:

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" I perish'd not, my Friend! by Neptune's wrath,
 " Whelm'd in the ocean wave; nor dy'd in arms, 461
 " Heroic deeds attempting; but receiv'd,
 " From base Ægythus and my baser queen,
 " Irreparable doom whilst I partook
 " Refreshment, and at supper jovial sat, 465
 " Slain like an ox that 's butcher'd at the crib,
 " A death most lamentable! Round me lay
 " An hideous carnage of my breathless friends,
 " Like beasts new slaughter'd for the bridal board
 " Of some luxurious noble, or devote 470
 " To solemn festival. On well-fought fields
 " You various scenes of slaughter have survey'd,
 " And in fierce tournament; yet had it quell'd
 " Your best of man to view us on the floor
 " Rolling in death, with viands round us spread, 475
 " And pond'rous vases bruis'd, while human gore
 " Flooded the pavement wide. With shrilling cries
 " Cassandra pierc'd my ear, whom at my side
 " False Clytemnestra slew. 'T' avenge her wrong,
 " I with a dying grasp my sabre seiz'd; 480
 " But the curs'd assassin withdrew, nor clos'd
 " My lips and eyes. O Woman! Woman! none
 " Of Nature's savage train have less remorse
 " In perpetrating crimes: to kill her mate
 " What beast was e'er a complice? I return'd, 485
 " Hopeful in affluence of domestic joy
 " To reign, encircled with my offspring dear,

" And court-retinue; but my traitress wife;
 " On female honour hath diffus'd a stain
 " Indelible; and her pernicious arts,
 " Recorded for reproach on all the sex,
 " Shall wound soft Innocence with touch of blame."
 " Answer'd; " O ye Pow'rs! by women's wiles
 " Jove works sure bane to all th' imperial race
 " Of Atreus still; for Helen's vagrant lust
 " Greece mourns her states dispeopled; and you sell
 " By your adult'refs!" Plaintive he reply'd;
 " By my disasters warn'd, to woman's faith
 " Unbosom nought momentous; tho' she peal
 " Your ear, (by nature importune to know)
 " Unlock not all your secrets. But your wife,
 " Of prudent meek deport, no train of ills
 " Will meditate for you by force or guile:
 " Her, when we led th' embattled Greeks to Troy,
 " We left in blooming beauty fresh; your son
 " Then hanging on her breast, who now to man
 " Full grown, with men associates; your approach
 " With rapture he will meet, and glad his fire
 " With filial duty dear; a bliss to me
 " Not deign'd; my son I saw not ere I fell
 " A victim to my wife! Then, timely warn'd,
 " Trust not to woman's ken the time prefix'd
 " For your return to Greece. But say sincere,
 " Aught have you heard where my Orestes bides?
 " In rich Orchomenus or sandy Pyle?

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" Or with my brother lives he more secure
 " In spacious Sparta? for of this dark realm
 " He's not inhabitant." I thus rejoind:
 " Vain is your quest, Atrides. Whether Fate
 " Permits your son to draw the breath of heav'n, 525
 " Friendly to life, or whether in these shades
 " He roams a ghost, I know not; nor with speech
 " False or ambiguous will beguile your ear."

While mournful thus we talk'd, suffus'd with tears
 Of tender sympathy, young Pelcus came,
 With his associates most in life belov'd,
 Faithful Patroclus, and th' egregious son
 Of Nestor, great in arms; with them (conjoin'd
 In amicable converse, ev'n by death
 Uncancell'd) walk'd the tall illustrious shade 530
 Of Ajax, with attractive grace adorn'd
 And prowess, paragon'd for both to none
 But great Achilles; me the goddess-born
 Ey'd curious, and at length thus sad began:

" What cause, Ulysses! moves thy mind, expert 535
 " Of warlike machinations; what emprise
 " Hath aught of such importance as to tempt
 " This dire descent, where we in dolorous night,
 " Frail incorporeal forms, are doom'd abode?"
 " O peerless Chief!" I cry'd, " of all the Greeks 540
 " The foremost name! I hither am constrain'd,
 " From the wise Theban oracle to hear

* Antiochus

" Best means reveal'd how to revisit safe
 " My native realm : by rigid Fate repell'd;
 " I'm exil'd yet, with troops of various ills 545
 " Surrounded. But the gods, to your high worth
 " Ever propitious, crown their fav'rite chief
 " With choicer blessings than the eye of time
 " Yet saw conferr'd, or future shall behold :
 " On earth you equal honours with the gods 550
 " From us receiv'd; nor by the stroke of Fate
 " Sink with diminish'd lustre, but supreme
 " Reign o'er the shades." He solemn sad reply'd :
 " Reign here supreme ! deem not thy eloquence
 " Can aught console my doom : rather on earth 555
 " A village slave I'd be than titled here
 " Imperial and august. But say me true,
 " Or did my son illustrate his descent
 " First in the files of war, or fled he pale
 " A recreant from the fight ? Do all our tribes 560
 " In Phthia still revere my father's throne ?
 " Or lives he now, of regal pow'r despoil'd,
 " A weak contemn'd old man, wanting my arm
 " To hold his sceptre firm ? that arm ! which erst 564
 " Warring for Greece, bestrew'd the Phrygian plains
 " With many a prowess knight ! Would Heav'n re-
 " The same puissant form, I'd soon avenge [store
 " His injur'd age, and re-assert his claim."
 He ceasing; I reply'd : " Of Peleus' state
 " Fame hath to me been silent ; but attend 570

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" While I th' achievements of thy glorious son
 " Blazon, as truth shall dictate. Him to Troy
 " From Scyros o'er the Ægean safe I bore
 " To join th' embattled Greeks: whene'er we sat
 " In council, to mature some high design, 575
 " First of the peerage, with persuasive speech
 " His sentence he disclos'd, by all confess'd
 " The third from Nestor: but whene'er we mov'd
 " In battailous array, and the shrill clang
 " Of onset sounded, he, with haughty strides, 580
 " Advancing in the van the foremost chief,
 " Pierc'd thro' the adverse legions, nor was deem'd
 " Not equal to the best. Each hardy deed,
 " Which in his country's cause the youth achiev'd,
 " Were long to tell; but by his jav'lin dy'd 585
 " Eurypylus, of all th' auxiliar bands
 " Fam'd after Meninon first, with many a peer
 " Of Pergameian race, around him strown.
 " When in the wooden horse, by Epeus form'd,
 " Selected heroes lay, aghast and pale 590
 " The rest; shudd'ring with fear, let round big drops
 " Roll from their drooping eyes, he sole abode
 " Undaunted, undismay'd; no chilling doubt
 " Frosted his damask cheek, nor silent tear
 " Cours'd from its crystal sluice, but grasping fierce
 " His spear and falchion, for the combat grew 596
 " Impatient, menacing decisive rout
 " To Troy's opponent pow'rs; and when the height

"Of Ilion had receiv'd the final stroke
 "From Grecian valour, with barbaric spoil,
 "To his high fame proportion'd; he return'd;
 "Unmark'd with hostile wound, tho' round him Mars
 "With tenfold rage oft' made the battle burn."

I ended: joy ineffable possess'd
 The great paternal shade; his steps he rais'd
 With more majestic portance o'er the mead
 Vernant with asphodel, elate to hear
 His son's exploits emblazon'd fair by Fame.

The rest, a pensive circle, round await
 Reciting various dooms, to mortal ear
 Calamitous and sad! from these apart
 The Telamonian hero, whom I foil'd
 In contest for Achilles' arms, abode
 Sullen with treasur'd wrath: the fatal strife
 By Thetis was propos'd, and ev'ry judge
 Instinct by Pallas, to my claim declar'd
 The prize of right! O! why was I constrain'd
 By honour to prevail, and cause to die
 Ajax, the chief with manly grace adorn'd,
 And prowess; paragon'd for both to none
 But the great son of Pelcus! him with speech
 Lenient of wrath I thus accosted mild:

"Ajax! let this oblivious gloom deface
 "The memory of those arms which Heav'n decreed
 "Pernicious to the Greeks, who lost in thee
 "Their tow'r of strong defence: to mourn thy fall

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"The voice of Grief along the tented shore
 "Was heard, as loud as when the flow'r of war,
 "Divine Achilles, dy'd: nor deem that aught
 "Of human interpos'd to urge thy doom, 630
 "But ireful Jove, to punish all our host,
 "Cut off its darling hope. O royal Shade!
 "Approach, and affable to me vouchsafe
 "Mild audience, calming thy tempestuous rage."

Vain was my suit! for with th' unbod'y'd troop
 Of spectres, fleeing to th' interior shade 635
 Of Erebus, heto my friendly speech
 Disdain'd reply; yet to that dark recess
 Had I pursu'd his flight, he must have borne
 Unwilling correspondence, forc'd by Fate, 640
 Impassion'd as he was; but I refrain'd,
 For other visions drew my curious eye.

Intent I saw, with golden sceptre, grave
 Minos, the son of Jove, to the pale ghosts
 Dispensing equity; with faded looks 645
 They thro' the wide Plutonian hall appear'd
 Frequent and full, and argu'd each his cause
 At that tribunal, trembling whilst he weigh'd
 Their pleaded reason. Of portentous size
 Orion next I view'd; a brazen mace 650
 Invincible he bore, in fierce pursuit
 Of those huge mountain savages he slew
 While habitant of earth, whose grizzly forms
 He urg'd in chase the flow'ry mead along.

Nor unobserv'd lay stretch'd upon the marble 655
 Tityus earth-born, whose body, long and large,
 Cover'd nine acres: there two vultures sat
 Of appetite insatiate, and with beaks
 For ravine bent, unintermitting gor'd
 His liver, pow'rless he to put to flight. 660
 The fierce devourers! to this penance judg'd
 For rape intended on Latona fair,
 The paramour of Jove, as she sojourn'd
 To Pytho o'er the Panopeian lawns,
 Delicious landscape!—In a limpid lake. 665
 Next Tantalus a doleful lot abides;
 Chin-deep he stands, yet with afflictive drought
 Incessant pines, while ever as he bows
 To sip refreshment, from his parching thirst
 The guileful water glides. Around the pool. 670
 Fruit-trees of various kinds umbrageous spread
 Their pamper'd boughs; racy the olive green,
 The ripe pomegranate, big with vinous pulp,
 The luscious fig sky-dy'd, the tasteful pear
 Vermilion'd half, and apples mellowing sweet. 675
 In burnish'd gold, luxuriant o'er him wave,
 Exciting hunger, and fallacious hope
 Of food ambrosial:—when he tries to seize
 The copious fruitage fair, a sudden gust
 Whirls it aloof amid th' incumbent gloom. 680

Then Sisyphus, the nearest mate in woe,
 Drew my regard; he with distended nerves

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Aye rolls a pond'rous stone up a rugg'd rock;
 Urg'd up the steep cliff slow with hand and foot
 It mounts; but bordering on the cloudy peak, 685
 Precipitous adown the slopy side
 The rapid orb devolving back renews
 Eternal toil, which he, with dust besmear'd,
 And dew'd with smoking sweat, incessant plies.

I last the visionary semblance view'd 690
 Of Hercules, a shadowy form; for he,
 The real son of Jove, in heav'n's high court
 Abides, associate with the gods, and shares
 Celestial banquets; where, with soft disport
 Of love, bright Hebe in her radiant dome 695
 Treats him nocturnal. With terrific clang
 Surrounding ghosts, like fowl, the region wing
 Vexatious, while the threat'ning image stands
 Gloomy as night, from his bent battle-bow
 In act to let th' aerial arrow fly. 700

Athwart his breast a military zone
 Dreadful he wore, where grinn'd in fretted gold
 Grim woodland savages, with various scenes
 Of war, fierce jousting knights, and havoc dire,
 With matchless art portray'd; me straight he knew,
 And, piteous of my state, address'd me thus: 706

"O exercis'd in grief! illustrious son
 "Of good Laertes, fam'd for warlike wiles!
 "Fated thou art (like me, what time I breath'd
 "Ethereal draught) beneath unnumber'd toils 710

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 Eternal toil, which he, with dust besmear'd,
 And dew'd with smoking sweat, incessant plies.

I last the visionary semblance view'd 690
 Of Hercules, a shadowy form; for he,
 The real son of Jove, in heav'n's high court
 Abides, associate with the gods, and shares
 Celestial banquets; where, with soft disport
 Of love, bright Hebe in her radiant dome 695
 Treats him nocturnal. With terrific clang
 Surrounding ghosts, like fowl, the region wing
 Veracious, while the threat'ning image stands
 Gloomy as night, from his bent battle-bow
 In act to let th' aerial arrow fly. 700

Athwart his breast a military zone
 Dreadful he wore, where grinn'd in fretted gold
 Grim woodland savages, with various scenes
 Of war, fierce jousting knights, and havoc dire,
 With matchless art portray'd; me straight he knew,
 And, piteous of my state, address'd me thus: 706

"O exercis'd in grief! illustrious son
 "Of good Laertes, fam'd for warlike wiles!
 "Fated thou art (like me, what time I breath'd
 "Ethereal draught) beneath unnumber'd toils 710

"To groan oppress'd: ev'n I, the seed of Jove,
 "Combated various ills, and was adjudg'd
 "By an inferior wretch (what could he more?)
 "To drag to light the triple-crested dog
 "That guards hell's massy portal: I achiev'd 715
 "The task enjoin'd thro' the propitious aid
 "Of Mercury and Pallas, who vouchsaf'd
 "Their friendly guidance;" then without reply
 To Pluto's court majestic he retir'd.

Mean-time for others of heroic note 720
 I waited, in the lists of ancient fame
 Enroll'd illustrious; and had haply seen
 Great Theseus, and Perithous his compeer,
 The race of gods; but at the hideous scream
 Of spectres issuing from the dark profound 725
 I wax'd infirm of purpose, sore disinay'd
 Lest Proserpine should send Medusa, curl'd
 With snaky locks, to fix me in her realm
 Stiff with Gorgonian horror. To the ship
 Retreating speedy thence, I bade my mates 730
 To shove from shore: joyous they straight began
 To stem the tide, and brush'd the whitening seas
 Till the fresh gales reliev'd the lab'ring oar. 735

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SAPPHO TO PHAON.

A LOVE EPISTLE.

TRANSLATED FROM OVID.

WHAT, after all my art, will you demand,
 Before the whole is read, the writer's hand?
 And could you guess from whom this letter came
 Before you saw it sign'd with Sappho's name?
 Don't wonder, since I'm form'd for lyrics, why 5
 The strain is turn'd to plaintive elegy:
 I mourn my flighted love: alas! my lute,
 And sprightly odes, would ill with sorrow suit.
 I'm scorch'd, I burn like fields of corn on fire,
 When winds to fan the furious blaze conspire. 10
 To flaming Ætna Phaon's pleas'd to roam,
 But Sappho feels a fiercer flame at home.

No more my thoughts in even numbers flow;
 Verse best befits a mind devoid of woe.
 No more I court the nymphs I once carest, 15
 But Phaon rules unrivall'd in my breast.
 Fair is thy face, thy youth is fit for joy;
 A fatal face to me, too cruel Boy!
 Enslav'd to those enchanting looks, that wear
 The blush of Bacchus and Apollo's air; 20
 Assume the garb of either god, in thee
 We ev'ry grace of either god may see;

Yet they confess'd the pow'r of female charms
 In Daphne's flight and Ariadne's arms;
 Tho' neither nymph was fam'd for wit, to move 25
 With melting airs the rigid soul to love.
 To me the Muse vouchsafes celestial fire,
 And my soft numbers glow with warm desire;
 Alcæus and myself alike the crown'd,
 For softness I and he for strength renown'd. 30
 Beauty, 't is true, penurious Fate denies,
 But wit my want of beauty well supplies:
 My shape I own is short, but yet my name
 Is far diffus'd, and fills the voice of Fame.
 If I'm not fair, young Perseus did adore 35
 The swarthy graces of the royal Moor*.
 The milk-white doves with mottled mates are join'd,
 And the gay parrot to the turtle's kind.
 But if you'll fly from love's connubial rites
 Till one as charming as yourself invites, 40
 None of our sex can ever bless your bed;
 Ne'er think of wooing, for you ne'er can wed.
 Yet when you read my verse you lik'd each line,
 And swore no numbers were so sweet as mine;
 I sang, (that pleasing image still is plain, 45
 Such tender things we lovers long retain!)
 And ever when the warbling notes I rais'd,
 You with fierce kisses stifled what you prais'd:

* Andromeda.

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Some winning grace in ev'ry act you found,
But in full tides of ecstacy were drown'd 50
When, murmuring in the melting joys of love,
Round your's my curling limbs began to move;
But now the bright Sicilian maids adore
The youth who seem'd so fond of me before.
Send back, send back my fugitive! for he 55
Will vow to you the vows he made to me:
That smooth deceiving tongue of his can charm
The coyest ear, the roughest pride disarm.

Oh! aid thy poetess, great queen of Love!
Auspicious to my growing passion prove! 60
Fortune was cruel to my tender age,
And still pursues with unrelenting rage.
Of parents whilst a child I was bereft,
To the wide world an helpless orphan left:
My brother in a strumpet's vile embrace 65
Lavish'd a large estate to buy disgrace,
And doom'd to traffic on the main is tost,
Winning with danger what with shame he lost;
And vows revenge on me, who dar'd to blame
His conduct, and was careful of his fame: 70
And then (as if the woes I bore beside
Were yet too light) my little daughter dy'd:
But after all these pangs of sorrow past
A worse came on, for Phaon came at last!
No gems nor rich embroider'd silks I wear; 75
No more in artful curls I comb my hair;

No golden threads the wavy locks inwreath;
 Nor Syrian oils diffusive odours breathe:
 Why should I put such gay allurements on,
 Now he, the darling of my soul, is gone? 80
 Soft is my breast, and keen the killing dart,
 And he who gave the wound deserves my heart:
 My fate is fix'd, for sure the Fates decreed
 That he should wound, and Sappho's bosom bleed.
 By the smooth blandishments of verse betray'd, 85
 In vain I call my reason to my aid:
 The Muse is faithless to the fair at best,
 But fatal in a love-sick lady's breast.

Yet is it strange so sweet a youth should dart
 Flames so resistless to a woman's heart? 90
 Him had Aurora seen, he soon had seiz'd
 Her soul, and Cephalus no more had pleas'd:
 Chaste Cynthia, did she once behold his charms,
 For Phaon's would forsake Endymion's arms;
 Venus would bear him to her bow'r above, 95
 But there she dreads a rival in his love.
 O fair perfection thou! nor youth, nor boy,
 Fix'd in the bright meridian point for joy!
 Come, on my panting breast thy head recline;
 Thy love I ask not, only suffer mine: 100
 While this I ask (but ask I fear in vain!)
 See how my falling tears the letter stain.

At least why would you not vouchsafe to shew
 A kind regret, and say, "My dear, adieu!"

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Nor parting kifs I gave nor tender tear; 105
 My ruin flew on fwifter wings than fear:
 My wrongs, too fafely treafur'd in my mind,
 Are all the pledges Phaon left behind;
 Nor could I make my laft defire to thee,
 Sometimes to caft a pitying thought on me. 110
 But, 'Gods! when firft the killing news I heard,
 What pale amazement in my looks appear'd!
 A while o'erwhelm'd with unexpected woe,
 My tongue forchofe to fpeak, my eyes to flow:
 But when my fenfe was waken'd to defpair, 115
 I beat my tender breaft, and tore my hair;
 As a diftracted mother weeps forlorn,
 When to the grave her fondling babe is borne.
 Mean-while my cruel brother, for relief,
 With fcorn infults me, and derides my grief: 120
 "Poor Soul!" he cries, "I doubt fhe grows fincere;
 "Her daughter is return'd to life I fear."
 Mindlefs of fame, I to the world reveal
 The love fo long I labour'd to conceal.
 Thou, thou art fame, and all the world, to me; 125
 All day I dote, and dream all night, of thee:
 Tho' Phaon fly to regions far remote,
 By Sleep his image to my bed is brought:
 Around my neck thy fond embraces twine,
 Anon I think my arms encircle thine: 130
 Then the warm wifhes of my foul I fpeak,
 Which from my tongue in dying murmurs break.

Heav'ns! with thy balmy lips my lips are prest;
 And then! ah, then!—I blush to write the rest.
 Thus in my dreams the bright ideas play, 135
 And gild the glowing scenes of fancy gay:
 With life alone my ling'ring love must end;
 On thee my love, my life, my all, depend.

But at the dawning day my pleasures fleet,
 And I (too soon!) perceive the dear deceit: 140
 In caves and groves I seek to calm my grief;
 The caves and groves afford me no relief.
 Frantic I rove, disorder'd with despair,
 And to the winds unbind my scatter'd hair.
 I find the shades which to our joys were kind, 145
 But my false Phaon there no more I find:
 With him the caves were cool, the grove was green,
 But now his absence withers all the scene:
 There weeping, I the grassy couch survey,
 Where side by side we once together lay: 150
 I fall where thy forsaken print appears,
 And the kind turf imbibes my flowing tears.
 The birds and trees to grief assistance bring,
 These drop their leaves, and they forbear to sing:
 Poor Philomel, of all the quire, alone 155
 For mangled Itys warbles out her moan;
 Her moan for him trills sweetly thro' the grove,
 While Sappho sings of ill-requited love.

To this dear solitude the Naiads bring
 Their fruitful urns, to form a silver spring: 160

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The trees that on the shady margin grow
Are green above, the banks are green below :
Here while by sorrow lull'd asleep I lay,
Thus, said the guardian nymph, or seem'd to say :
" Fly, Sappho ! fly ; to cure this deep despair 165
" To the Leucadian rock in haste repair,
" High on whose hoary top an awful fane,
" To Phœbus rear'd, surveys the subject main.
" This desp'rate cure, of old, Deucalion try'd,
" For love to fury wrought by Pyrrha's pride ; 170
" Into the waves, as holy rites require,
" Headlong he leap'd, and quench'd his hopeless fire :
" Her frozen breast a sudden flame subdu'd,
" And she who fled the youth the youth pursu'd.
" Like him, to give thy raging passion ease, 175
" Precipitate thyself into the seas."
This said, she disappear'd. I, deadly wan,
Rose up, and gushing tears unbounded ran.
I fly, ye Nymphs ! I fly ; tho' fear assail
The woman, yet the lover must prevail. 180
In death what terrors can deserve my care ?
The pangs of death are gentler than despair.
Ye Winds ! and, Cupid ! thou, to meet my fall
Your downy pinions spread ; my weight is small.
Thus rescu'd, to the god of Verse I'll bow, 185
Hang up my lute, and thus inscribe my vow :
To Phœbus grateful Sappho gave this lute ;
The gift did both the god and giver suit.

But, Phaon! why should I this toil endure,
 When thy return would soon complete the cure? 190
 Thy beauty, and its halmy pow'r, would be
 A Phœbus and Leucadian rock to me.
 O harder than the rock to which I go,
 And deeper than the waves that war below!
 Think yet, oh, think! shall future ages tell
 That I to Phaon's scorn a victim fell? 195
 Or hadst thou rather see this tender breast
 Bruis'd on the clift than close to Phaon's prest?
 This breast which, fill'd with bright poetic fire,
 You made me once believe you did admire! 200
 O could it now supply me with address
 To plead my cause, and court thee with success!
 But mighty woes my genius quite control,
 And damp the rising vigour of my soul:
 No more, ye Lesbian Nymphs! desire a song; 205
 Mute is my voice, my lute is all unstrung;
 My—Phaon's fled, who made my fancy shine,
 (Ah! yet I scarce forbear to call him—mine.)
 Phaon is fled! but bring the youth again,
 Inspiring ardours will revive my vein. 210
 But why, alas! this unavailing pray'r?
 Vain are my vows, and fleet with common air:
 My vows the winds disperse, and make their sport,
 But ne'er will waft him to the Lesbian port.
 Yet if you purpose to return, 't is wrong 215
 To let your mistress languish here so long.

Venus for your fair voyage will compose
The sea, for from the sea the goddess rose :
Cupid, assisted with propitious gales,
Will hand the rudder and direct the sails. 220
But if relentless to my pray'r you prove,
If still, unkind without a cause, you 'll rove,
And ne'er to Sappho's longing eyes restore
That object which her hourly vows implore,
'Twill be compassion now t' avow your hate; 225
Write, and confirm the rigour of my fate!
Then, steel'd with resolution by despair,
For cure I'll to the kinder seas repair :
That last relief for love-sick minds I'll try;
Phœbus may grant what Phaon could deny. 230

PHAON TO SAPPHO.

Advertisement.

THE Ancients have left us little farther account of Phaon, than that he was an old mariner, whom Venus transformed into a very beautiful youth, whom Sappho, and several other Lesbian ladies, fell passionately in love with; and therefore I thought it might be pardonable to vary the circumstances of his story, and to add what I thought proper, in the following Epistle.

I soon perceiv'd from whence your letter came,
 Before I saw it sign'd with Sappho's name :
 Such tender thoughts in such a flowing verse
 Did Phœbus to the flying nymph rehearse;
 Yet Fate was deaf to all his pow'rful charms, 5
 And tore the beauteous Daphne from his arms.

With such concern your passion I survey
 As when I view a vessel toss'd at sea;
 I beg each friendly pow'r the storm may cease,
 And ev'ry warring wave be lull'd in peace. 10
 What can I more than wish? for who can free
 The wretched from the woe the gods decree?
 With gen'rous pity I'll repay your flame;
 Pity! 't is what deserves a softer name;
 Which yet I fear of equal use would prove 15
 To sooth a tempest as abate your love.

How can my art your fierce disease subdue?
 I want, alas! a greater cure than you :

Benumb'd in death the cold physician lies,
 While for his help the feverish patient cries. 20
 Call me not cruel, but reproach my fate,
 And, list'ning while my woes I here relate,
 Let your soft bosom heave with tender sighs,
 Let melting sorrow languish in your eyes;
 Piteous deplore a wretch constrain'd to rove, 25
 Whose crime and punishment is slighted love;
 Fix'd for his guilt, to ev'ry coming age,
 A monument of Cytherea's rage.

At Malea born, my race unknown to fame,
 With oars I ply'd; Colymbus was my name; 30
 A name that from the diving birds I bore
 Which seek their fishy food along the shore.
 One summer-eve in port I left my sail,
 And with my partners sought a neighb'ring vale,
 What time the rural nymphs repair'd to pay 35
 Their floral honours to the queen of May.
 At first their various charms my choice confuse;
 For what is choice where each is fit to chuse?
 But Love or Fate at length my bosom fir'd
 With a bright maid in myrtle-green attir'd; 40
 A shepherdes she was, and on the lawn
 Sat to the setting sun from dewy dawn;
 Yet fairer than the nymphs who guard the streams
 In pearly caves, and shun the burning beams.
 I whisper love; she flies; I still pursue, 45
 To press her to the joy she never knew;

And while I speak the virgin blushes spread
 Her damask beauty with a warmer red.
 I vow'd unshaken faith, invoking loud
 Venus t' attest the solemn faith I vow'd; 50
 Invoking all the radiant lights above,
 (But most the lamp that lights the realm of Love)
 No more to guide me with their friendly rays,
 But leave my ship to perish on the seas,
 If the dear charmer ever chanc'd to find 55
 My heart disloyal, or my look unkind.

A maid will listen when a lover swears,
 And think his faith more real than her fears.
 The careful shepherdes secur'd her flocks
 From the devouring wolf and wily fox, 60
 Yet fell herself an undefended prey
 To one more cruel and more false than they.
 The nuptial joys we there consummate soon,
 Safe in the friendly silence of the moon;
 And till the birds proclaim'd the dawning day 65
 Beneath a shade of flow'rs in transport lay.
 I rose, and, softly sighing, view'd her o'er;
 How chang'd I thought from what she was before!
 Yet still repeated (eager to be gone)
 My former pledges with a fainter tone, 70
 And promis'd quick return. The pensive fair
 Went with reluctance to her fleecy care,
 While I resolv'd to quit my native shore,
 Never to see the late-lov'd Malea more.

Fresh on the waves the morning-breezes play, 75
 To bear my vessel and my vows away:
 With prosp'rous speed I fly before the wind,
 And leave the length of Lesbos all behind.
 Far distant from my Malean love at last,
 (Secure with twenty leagues between us cast) 80
 I furl my sails, and on the Sigrian shore,
 Adopting that my seat, the vessel moor;
 Sigrium, from whose aerial height I spy
 The distant fields that bore imperial Troy,
 Which, still accurs'd for Helen's broken vow, 85
 Produce thin crops, ungrateful to the plow.

I gaze, revolving in my guilty mind
 What future vengeance will my falsehood find,
 When kings and empires no forgiveness gain'd
 For violated rites and faith profan'd! 90

Sea-faring on that coast I led my life,
 A commoner of love, without a wife;
 Content with casual joys; and vainly thought
 Venus forgave the perjur'd, or forgot.
 And now my sixtieth year began to shed 95
 An undistinguish'd winter o'er my head,
 When, bent for Tenedos, a country dame
 (I thought her such) for speedy passage came:
 A palsy shook her limbs; a shrivell'd skin
 But ill conceal'd the skeleton within; 100
 A monument of Time: with equal grace
 Her garb had poverty to suit her face.

Extorting first my price, I spread my sail,
 And steer my course before a merry gale,
 Which haply turn'd her tatter'd veil aside, 105
 When in her lap a golden vase I spy'd,
 Around so rich with orient gems enchas'd,
 A flamy lustre o'er the gold they cast.
 With eager eyes I view the tempting bane,
 And, sailing now secure amid the main, 110
 With felon force I seize the seeming crone,
 'To plunge her in, and make the prize my own.
 'To Venus straight she chang'd, divine to view!
 The laughing Loves around their mother flew,
 Who, circled with a pomp of Graces, stood, 115
 Such as she first ascended from the flood.
 I bow'd, ador'd—With terror in her voice,
 "Thy violence (she cry'd) shall win the prize:
 "Renew thy wrinkled form; be young and fair;
 "But soon thy heart shall own the purchase dear.
 "Nor is revenge forgot, tho' long delay'd, 122
 "For vows attested in the Malean shade—"
 Wrapt in a purple cloud she cut the skies,
 And looking down still threaten'd with her eyes.
 My fear at length dispell'd, (the sight of gold 125
 Can make an avaricious coward bold)
 I seiz'd the glitt'ring spoil, in hope to find
 A case so rich with richer treasures lin'd.
 The lid remov'd, the vacant space inclos'd
 An essence with celestial art compos'd, 130

Which cures old age, and makes the shrivell'd cheek
Blushy as Bacchus, and as Hebe sleek;
Strength to the nerves the nectar'd sweets supply,
And eagle-radiance to the faded eye:
Nor sharp disease, nor want, nor age, have pow'r
T' invade that vigour, and that bloom deflow'r.

Th' effect I found; for, when return'd to land,
Some drops I sprinkled on my sun-burnt hand;
Where'er they fell, surprising to the sight,
The freckled brown imbib'd a milky white:
So look the panther's varied sides, and so
The pheasant's wing, bedropp'd with flakes of snow.
I wet the whole, the same celestial hue
Tinctur'd the whole, meander'd o'er with blue:
Struck with amazement here, I pause a space;
Next with the liquid sweets anoint my face;
My neck and hoary locks I then bedew,
And in the waves my changing visage view:
Straight with my charms the wat'ry mirror glows,
Those fatal charms that ruin'd your repose!
Still doubting, up I start, and fear to find
Some young Adonis gazing o'er behind.
My waist, and all my limbs, I last besmear'd,
And soon a glossy youth o'er all appear'd.

Long wrapt in silent wonder, on the strand
I like a statue of Apollo stand:
Like his, with oval grace my front is spread;
Like his, my lips and cheeks are rosy red;

Like his, my limbs are shap'd; in ev'ry part
 So just, they mock the sculptor's mimic art; 160
 And golden curls adown my shoulders flow;
 Nor wants there ought except the lyre and bow.
 Restor'd to youth, triumphant I repair
 To court, to captivate th' admiring fair:
 My faultless form the Lesbian nymphs adore, 165
 Avow their flames, weep, sigh, protest, implore.
 There feel I first the penance of my sin,
 All spring without, and winter all within!
 From me the sense of gay desire is fled,
 And all their charms are cordials to the dead: 170
 Or if within my breast there chance to rise
 The sweet remembrance of the genial joys,
 Sudden it leaves me, like a transient gleam
 That gilds the surface of a freezing stream. 174

Mean-time with various pangs my heart is torn,
 Hate strives with pity, shame contends with scorn.
 Confus'd with grief, I quit the court, to range
 In savage wilds, and curse my penal change.
 The phoenix so, restor'd with rich perfumes,
 Displays the florid pride of all his plumes, 180
 Then flies to live amid th' Arabian grove,
 In barren solitude, a foe to love.
 But in the calm recess of woods and plains
 The viper Envy revell'd in my veins,
 And ever when the male caress'd his bride, 185
 Sighing with rage, I turn'd my eyes aside.

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In river, mead, and grove, such objects rose,
 T'avenge the goddess and awake my woes;
 Fish, beast, and bird, in river, mead, and grove,
 Bless'd and rever'd the blissful pow'rs of Love. 190

What can I do for ease? O! whither fly?
 Resume my fatal form, ye Gods! I cry:
 Wither this beauteous bloom, so tempting gay,
 And let me live transform'd to weak and gray!
 By change of clime my sorrows to beguile, 195
 I leave for Sicily my native isle:

Vain hope! for who can leave himself behind,
 And live a thoughtless exile from the mind?
 Arriving there, amidst a flow'ry plain
 That join'd the shore, I view'd a virgin-train, 200
 Who in soft ditties sung of Acis' flame,
 And strew'd with annual wreaths his amber stream.
 Me soon they saw, and, fir'd with pious joy,

"He comes, the godlike Acis comes!" they cry:
 "Fair pride of Neptune's court! indulge our pray'r;
 "Approach, you 'ave now no Polypheme to fear: 206
 "Accept our rites: to bind thy brow we bring
 "These earliest honours of the rosy Spring:

"So may thy Galatea still be kind,
 "As we thy smiling pow'r propitious find! 210
 "But if—(they read their error in my blush,
 "For shame, and rage, and scorn, alternate flush)
 "But if of earthly race, yet kinder prove;
 "Refuse all other rites but those of Love."

That hated word new-stabs my rankling wound;
 Like a struck deer I startle at the sound; 216
 Thence to the woods with furious speed repair,
 And leave them all abandon'd to despair.

So, frightened by the swains, to reach the brake
 Glides from a sunny bank the glitt'ring Inake; 220
 And whilst, reviv'd in youth, his wavy train
 Floats in large spires, and burns along the plain,
 He darts malignance from his scornful eye,
 And the young flow'rs with livid hiffes die.

Let my sad fate your soft compassion move, 225
 Convinc'd that Phaon would but cannot love:
 To torture and distract my soul are join'd
 Unfading youth and impotence of mind.
 The white and red that flatter on my skin
 Hide hell; the grinning Furies howl within; 230
 Pride, Envy, Rage, and Hate, inhabit there,
 And the black child of Guilt, extreme Despair:
 Nor of less terror to the perjur'd prove
 The frowns of Venus than the bolts of Jove.

When Orpheus in the woods began to play, 235
 Sooth'd with his airs the leopards round him lay;
 Their glaring eyes with lessen'd fury burn'd,
 But when the lyre was mute their rage return'd:
 So would thy Muse and lute a while control
 My woes, and tune the discord of my soul, 240
 In sweet suspense each savage thought restrain'd,
 And then the love I never felt I feign'd.

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O Sappho! now that Muse and lute employ;
Invoke the golden goddess from the sky:
From the Leucadian rock ne'er hope redress; 245
In love Apollo boasts no sure success:
Let him preside o'er oracles and arts;
Venus alone hath balm for bleeding hearts.
O! let the warbled hymn * delight her ear;
Can she when Sappho sings refuse to hear? 250
Thrice let the warbled hymn repeat thy pain,
While flow'rs and burning gums perfume her fane:
And when, descending to the plaintive sound,
She comes confess'd with all her Graces round,
O, plead my cause! in that auspicious hour 255
Propitiate with thy vows the vengeful pow'r:
Nor cease thy suit, till with a smiling air
She cries, "I give thy Phaon to thy pray'r;
"And, from his crime absolv'd, with all his charms
"He long shall live, and die in Sappho's arms."—
Then swift, and gentle as her gentlest dove, 261
I'll seek thy breast, and equal all thy love:
Hymen shall clap his purple wings, and spread
Incessant raptures o'er the nuptial bed.
And while in pomp at Cytherea's shrine 265
With choral song and dance our vows we join,
Her flaming altar with religious fear
I'll touch, and, prostrate on the marble, swear
That zeal and love for ever shall divide
My heart between the goddess and the bride. 270

* Alluding to her Ode to Venus.

MARULLUS DE NEÆRA.

INVENTA nuper, nervum cùm tenderet acrem,
 Obtupuit visâ victus Amor dominâ :
 Sensit læta suas vires, oculosque retorfit;
 Dum fugiat, ventis ocior ille fugit. 4
 Sed dum forte fugit, plenæ cecidere pharetræ ;
 Devicti spoliū quas tulit illa dei.
 Induiturque humerum, pariterque hominesque
 deosque
 Una ferit victrix, errat inermis amor. 8

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MARULLUS TO NEÆRA,

IMITATED.

ROB'n like Diana, ready for the chase,
Her mind as spotless, and as fair her face,
Young Sylvia stray'd beneath the dowy dawn,
To course th' imperial stag o'er Windsor lawn:
There Cupid view'd her speeding o'er the plain, 5
The first and fairest of the rural train,
And, by a small mistake, the pow'r of Love
Thought her the virgin-goddess of the grove.
Soon aw'd with innocence, t' evade her sight
He fled, and dropp'd his quiver in the flight: 10
Tho' pleas'd she blush'd, and with a glowing smile
Pursu'd the god, and seiz'd the golden spoil.

The nymph, resistless in her native charms,
Now reigns, possess'd of Cupid's dreaded arms,
And wing'd with lightning from her radiant eyes, 15
Unerring in its speed each arrow flies.
No more his deity is held divine,
No more we kneel at Cytherea's shrine;
Their various pow'rs, complete in Sylvia, prove
Her title to command the realms of Love. 20

JOHANNIS SECUNDI.

BASIIUM I.

CUM Venus Ascanium super alta Cythera tulisset,
 Sopitum teneris imposuit violis;
 Albarum nimbos circumfuditque rosarum,
 Et totum liquido sparsit odore locum.
 Mox veteres animo revocavit Adonidis igneis, 5
 Notus et irrepsit ima per ossa calor.
 O, quoties voluit circundare colla nepotis?
 O, quoties dixit, Talis Adonis erat!
 Sed placidam pueri metuens turbare quietem,
 Fixit vicinis Basia mille rosis. 10
 Ecce! calent illæ, cupidæque per ora Diones
 Aura, susurranti flamine, lenta subit.
 Quotque rosas tetigit, tot Basia nata repente
 Gaudia reddebant multiplicata deæ.
 At Cytherea, natans niveis per nubila cygnis, 15
 Ingentis terræ cæpit obire globum:
 Triptolemique modo, sæcundis Oscula glebis
 Sparsit, et ignotos ter dedit ore sonos,

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KISSES. TRANSLATED FROM SECUNDUS.

BASIAM I.

WHEN Venus, in the sweet Idalian shade,
 A violet touch for young Ascanius made,
 'Their op'ning gems th' obedient roses bow'd,
 And veil'd his beauties with a damask cloud;
 While the bright goddess, with a gentle show'r 5
 Of nectar'd dews, perfum'd the blissful bow'r.

Of sight insatiate, she devours his charms
 Till her soft breast rekindling ardour warms;
 New joys tumultuous in her bosom roll,
 And all Adonis rusheth on her soul: 10
 Transported with each dear resembling grace,
 She cries, "Adonis!—sure I see thy face!"
 Then stoops to clasp the beauteous form, but fears
 He'd wake too soon, and with a sigh forbears;
 Yet, fix'd in silent rapture, stands to gaze, 15
 Kissing each flow'ring bud that round her plays:
 Swell'd with her touch, each animated rose
 Expands, and straight with warmer purple glows;
 Where infant Kisses bloom, a balmy store!
 Redoubling all the bliss she felt before. 20

Sudden her swans career along the skies,
 And o'er the globe the fair celestial flies;
 Then, as where Ceres pass'd, the teeming plain
 Yellow'd with wavy crops of golden grain,
 So fruitful Kisses fell where Venus flew, 25
 And by the pow'r of genial magic grew,

Inde seges felix nata est mortalibus agris;
 Inde medela meis unica nata malis. 20
 Salvete æternum, miseræ moderamina flammæ,
 Humida de gelidis Bassa nata rosis!
 En ego sum, vestri quo vate canentur honores,
 Nota Medusæi dum juga montis erunt:
 Et memor Æneadum stirpisque disertus amata,
 Mollia Romulidum verba loquetur amor. 26

BASIIUM II.

VICINA quantum vitis lascivit in ulmo,
 Et tortiles per ilicem
 Brachia proceram stringunt immensa corymbi;
 Tantum, Neæra, si queas
 In mea nexilibus proserpere colla lacertis;
 Tali, Neæra, si queam 5
 Candida perpetuum nexu tua colla ligare,
 Jungens perenne Basium.
 Tunc me nec cereris, nec amici cura Lyæi,
 Soporis aut amabilis, 10
 Vita! tuo de purpureo divelleret ore:
 Sed mutuis in osculis
 Defectos, ratis una duos portaret amantes
 Ad pallidam Ditis domum.

A plenteous harvest! which she deign'd t' impart
To sooth an agonizing love-sick heart.

All hail, ye roseate Kisses! who remove
Our cares, and cool the calentures of love. 30

Lo! I your poet, in melodious lays
Bless your kind pow'r, enamour'd of your praise;
Lays form'd to last till barb'rous Time invades
The Muses' hill, and withers all their shades.
Sprung from the guardian * of the Roman name,
In Roman numbers live, secure of fame. 36

BASILIUM II. TRANSLATED:

As the young enamour'd vine
Round her elm delights to twine,
As the clasping ivy throws
Round her oak her wanton boughs;
So close, expanding all thy charms, 5
Fold me, my Chloris! in thy arms;
Closer, my Chloris! could it be,
Would my fond arms incircle thee.

The jovial friend shall tempt in vain
With humour, wit, and brisk Champagne; 10
In vain shall Nature call for sleep,
We'll Love's eternal vigils keep:
Thus, thus for ever let us lie,
Dissolving in excess of joy,
Till Fate shall with a single dart 15
Transfix the pair it cannot part.

* Venus.

O iij

Mox per odoratos campos, et perpetuum ver, 15
 Produceremur in loca,
 Semper ubi, antiquis in amoribus, heroinæ
 Heroas inter nobileis
 Aut ducunt choreas, alternave carmina lætæ
 In valle cantant myrtæ; 20
 Quà violisque rosique, et flavicomis Narcissis,
 Umbraculis trementibus,
 Illudit lauri nemus, et crepitante susurro
 Tepidi suavè sibilant
 Æternùm zephyri; nec vomere faucia tellus 25
 Fœcunda solvit ubera.
 Turba beatorum nobis assurgeret omnis;
 Inque herbidis sedilibus
 Inter Mæonidas primâ nos sede locarent:
 Nec ulla amatricum Jovis 30
 Prærepto cedens indignaretur honore,
 Nec nata Tyndaris Jove. 34

Thus join'd, we'll fleet like Venus' doves,
 And seek the bless'd Elysian groves,
 Where Spring in rosy triumph reigns
 Perpetual o'er the joyous plains; 20
 There lovers of heroic name
 Revive their long-extinguish'd flame,
 And o'er the fragrant vale advance
 In shining pomp to form the dance,
 Or sing of Love and gay Desire, 25
 Responsive to the warbling lyre,
 Reclining soft in blissful bow'rs,
 Purpled sweet with springing flow'rs,
 And cover'd with a silken shade;
 Of laurel mix'd with myrtle made, 30
 Where, flaunting in immortal bloom,
 The musk-rose scents the verdant gloom,
 Thro' which the whisp'ring zephyrs fly
 Softer than a virgin's sigh,
 When we approach those bless'd retreats, 35
 Th' assembly straight will leave their seats,
 Admiring much the matchless pair,
 So fond the youth, the nymph so fair!
 Daughters and mistresses to Jove, 40
 By Homer fam'd of old for love,
 In homage to the British Grace,
 Will give pre-eminence of place:
 Helen herself will soon agree
 To rise, and yield her rank to thee. 44

THE DREAM.

IMITATED FROM PROPERTIUS, B. III. ELEGY 3.

To green retreats, that shade the Muses' stream,
 My fancy lately bore me in a Dream;
 Fir'd with ambitious zeal, my harp I strung;
 And Blenheim's field and fam'd Ramillia sung;
 Fast by that spring where Spenser sat of old, 5
 And great exploits in lofty numbers told.
 Phœbus, in his Castalian grotto laid,
 O'er which a laurel cast her silken shade,
 Spy'd me, and hastily when first he spy'd,
 Thus, leaning on his golden lyre, he cry'd: 10

"What strange ambition has misplac'd thee there?"

"Forbear to sing of arms, alas! forbear;

"Form'd in a gentler mould, henceforth employ

"Thy pen to paint the softer scenes of joy:

"Thy Works may thus the myrtle garland wear; 15

"Preferr'd to grace the toilets of the fair:

"When their lov'd youths at night too long delay,

"In reading thee they'll pass the hours away;

"And when they'd make their melting wishes known,

"Repeat thy passion to reveal their own. 20

"Then haste the safer shallows to regain,

"Nor dare the stormy dangers of the main."

Ceasing with this reproof, the friendly god
 A mossy path, but lightly beaten, shew'd:

A cave there was, which Nature's hand alone 25
 Had arch'd, with greens of various kinds o'ergrown;
 With timbrels all the vaulted roofs were grac'd,
 And earthen gods on either side were plac'd:
 Silenus and the Muses' virgin-train
 Stood here, with Pan, the poet of the plain; 30
 Elsewhere the doves of Cytherea's team
 Were seen to sip the sweet Castalian stream.

Nine lovely nymphs a several task purfu'd,
 For ivy one was sent to search the wood;
 This to soft numbers join'd harmonious airs, 35
 And fragrant rosy wreaths a third prepares.
 Me thus the bright Calliope address'd;
 (Her name the brightness of her form confess'd)
 "The silver swans of Venus wait to bear
 "Thee safe in pomp along the liquid air. 40
 "Pleas'd with thy peaceful province, straight recall
 "Thy rash design to sing the wounded Gaul.
 "Harsh sounds the trumpet in the Muses' grove,
 "But sweet the lute; the lute is fit for love.
 "No more rehearse the Danube's purple stream, 45
 "Let love for ever be the tender theme,
 "And in thy verse reveal the moving art
 "To melt an haughty nymph's relentless heart."

The goddess ceasing, to confirm me more,
 My face with hallow'd drops she sprinkled o'er, 50
 Fetch'd from the fountain by whose flow'ry side
 Soft Waller sung of Sacharissa's pride. 52

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THE END.

